CORONET

etting Thin
thout Drama

★

e You Learned
to Listen?

★

Stand Up
and Live

★

Tell Mother
here It Hurts"

★

Fun with
Figures

★

And 22 Other
Features by

ETTA PALMER
RED C. KELLY
DOR HUNYADY
LOUIS ZARA
ERT W. MARKS

And Others

OCTOBER, 1939
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN 1/6

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORONET
for
OCTOBER
1939

TEXTUAL FEATURES

FACTUAL:

Getting Thin without Drama — Greta Palmer 3

Razing the Tower of Babel — Robert M. Hyatt 8

Stand Up and Live — Ernest K. Harris, M.D. 46

"Tell Mother Where It Hurts" — Cecilia L. Schulz, R.N. 111

PERSONAL:

A Portfolio of Personalities . 32

Have You Learned to Listen? — Maurice Marks 67

The Shoestring Headline — Fred C. Kelly 81

FICTIONAL:

Parable of the Blind Beggars — Sándor Hunyady 69

Good-Bye to the Park — Margot Murphy 113

UNUSUAL:

Post Office Follies 40

MARGINAL:

Adult Boners — Zeta Rothschild 13

Home Life of a Quiz-Framer — Parke Cummings 17

Forgotten Experiments — R. DeWitt Miller 52

Adding to Disillusion — Peter Nesbit 60

So Says the Law — Arthur R. Childs 61

SATIRICAL:

Technique for Isolation — William Holmes 39

Terrors of Being Efficient — Frederick Charters 73

CULTURAL:

Sources of Modern Painting—II 62

An Eye for Sculpture — Maurice Glickman 99

The Good Taste Test . . . 100

QUIZZICAL:

Musical Chairs — A. I. Green 14

Fun with Figures — William James Giese 59

METRICAL:

Three Vignettes — William Stephens 74

BIOGRAPHICAL:

Portrait of Nickolas Muray — Robert W. Marks 18

A Note on Rimsky-Korsakov — Carleton Smith 28

Original In-and-Outer — John Wilstach 76

Two Up on Hollywood — Martin Lewis 107

The Noblest Roman — Louis Zara 117

HISTORICAL:

No Glory Road — Philip Paul Daniels 54

PICTORIAL FEATURES

ART REPRODUCTIONS:

COVER:

Color Photograph by Don Wallace

FAMOUS STAMP ERRORS . 41-45

FIVE PAINTINGS

Musical Instruments by Battista Bettera 63

Still Life by Gino Severini . 63

Continued on inside back cover

DAVID A. SMART
PUBLISHER

CORONET, OCTOBER 1, 1939; VOL. 6, NO. 6; WHOLE NO. 36

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, $3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere $4.00.

Copyright under International Copyright Union, All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1939, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GETTING THIN WITHOUT DRAMA

RECOMMENDING MORE COMMON SENSE AND LESS NONSENSE AS THE BEST DIET FOR REDUCING

THE average woman who wants to reduce is commonly regarded as a faddist and a fool. Physicians complain, pretty petulantly, that their patients will lap up any freakish diet out of Hollywood—that they are fascinated by a regimen of lamb chops and pineapple, or liquids only, but that they will not follow diets based on "sound ideas of hygiene and bodily needs."

Now, the answer to this is not, in the writer's mind, the fact that most women are nincompoops. The answer lies in the very charts which the medicos, from time to time, whisk out of their top drawers with a flourish and hand to the patients who want to get rid of ten or twenty pounds. These charts are usually enough to discourage any woman who is not an expert dietitian in love with her work. They make patients go screaming to the druggist for any quack fat-reduction pills he may have; they make other women settle down for life into middle-aged obesity.

One such chart lies before me. It tells the patient what to eat for breakfast — the foods are to be chosen from each of four groups, two of which are obligatory, two optional. In the obligatory list, patients are given a choice between six kinds of melons, eight kinds of berries and such odd fruits as papayas, pomegranates, mangoes and nectarines. The mere planning of breakfast, using this list, will carry the patient well towards lunch (the starch meal). There are *six* groups of foods to be considered before ordering lunch, including an obligatory dish of "yams, yautias or plantains," among other vegetables. "Cashaw," "orache," "kale" and "collards" are, however, optional. Dinner has not only six groups of foods, but Group 3 (obligatory) has three sub-divisions: A, B and C.

By the time any woman has worked out her menu, balancing venison (Group 3, A) against maté

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tea (Group 5, optional), she has whiled away the day on the chaise-longue and probably put on two pounds more from inactivity. She has also been so bemused by the food chart that it is ten to one that she has forgotten to order any meal whatever for the rest, or non-reducing members, of her family.

When a woman's best friend comes along, under these circumstances, and says, "Papaya, my eye! You can peel off thirty pounds by living on nothing but peanuts and grapejuice for a month," she, naturally, listens. A diet which she can actually understand is so vast a relief that she wastes no time in taking it up. The only catch—and it's a considerable one—is that she may break down her health in the process. What is the answer?

Women should, by all means, consult a physician before beginning to take off any considerable quantity of weight. One of the reasons for this is that in some cases overweight is the result of faulty glands. If the doctor can fix this up, the patient may get thin without having to diet at all. (This, of course, is every woman's secret dream!)

Occasionally, the physician gives his patient advice which she need not be a Phi Beta Kappa to understand. If so, she's in luck. If not, she can still reduce without risking a nervous breakdown by reading on and learning some of the facts of fat.

Now, among the current legends on obesity which need to be de-bunked is the one which says that you cannot lose weight without suffering hunger. "A longing for food," says this myth, "is a symptom of the breaking-away of the fat."

This is arrant nonsense, according to understandable members of the medical profession. Appetite, say the doctors, is very largely mental: professional fasters, who act as human guinea-pigs for medical research, are rarely hungry after the first few days, although their intake of food is very small. Most of us could comfortably live on water for a week, if our imaginations did not step in to make us feel abused.

Reducers who think they are hungry can munch on celery, lettuce, water cress or broccoli, if they like, or drink fruit juices, without sugar. This will take their minds off real food. But nobody need suffer to lose weight.

When a woman undertakes to reduce, therefore, she need not feel that she is a Spartan mother, deserving of vast credit from her family and friends. She can ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

complish the job with common sense and without disturbing her family's customary schedule of meals. She need not even interrupt her normal activities. By not dramatizing the process, she will find it less necessary to talk diets with her friends and neighbors; she will thus help eliminate one of the dullest subjects of conversation prevalent in America today.

The first question to be decided is whether she wishes to lose inches or pounds; the two are by no means identical. Many a woman whose weight is correct has thick ankles, arms or, most commonly, a spare tire around her middle. The ankles may be due to such medical causes as bad kidneys or fallen arches—the spare tire is usually the run-of-the-mill result of self-indulgence and no exercise.

The woman with a thick waist wants to lose inches: after she has done so, she will probably tip the scales at the same point as before. The reason for this is that her excess fat has gone away, all right, but her new tight muscles are heavier than the flabby ones used to be, so she has compensated in muscle-weight for what she lost in fat-weight.

This loss of inches can be accomplished in either of two ways, depending on how active a person the patient usually is. If she is moderately athletic, and has muscles which are fundamentally strong, she may narrow her waist by spending an hour a day at dancing, fencing, tennis or squash. She need do no more than that. But inactive women, with flabby muscles, have a harder row to hoe. They may as well make up their minds, right away, to the fact that they are going to have to do exercises to give tone to the muscles. No masseuse can do it as well for them!

Now, every woman knows perfectly well how to do half a dozen setting-up exercises that are good for the waist-line and hips. If she doesn't, let her write some such expert as Elizabeth Arden or Helena Rubinstein. In general—there's the old bicycle movement. There's the one where you lie flat on the floor and touch the tips of your toes with your fingers without bending your legs. There's the prone-fall position series, remembered from Boarding-School days, and the one where you stand up and touch your fingertips to the floor without bending your knees. Any of these, done faithfully for twenty minutes a day, will trim you down.

But they won't necessarily reduce your weight, of course.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whether a woman is ten or twenty or a hundred pounds overweight, her usual desire is to peel it all off in about ten days. This is a grave mistake; she should resign herself to spending at least six months at the job. It is quite safe to reduce two and a half to three pounds a week, but if this fat is to stay off, the patient must have built up a whole new series of habits—she must have re-educated her attitude towards her meals, and changed her physical characteristics. This process takes time.

Not only that; in any considerable loss of weight, the skin is forced to adjust itself to the new contours, and if it is asked to do this too quickly, sagging and wrinkles will result.

Take the woman with ten or fifteen pounds to lose: she need indulge in no hullabaloo nor even change the directions that she gives her cook. She can adjust herself to meals in other people's houses, as well as to the menu of most restaurants. Let her simply stop eating these things: all bread, butter, pastry, cake, candy, sugar, gravy, cream, rich sauces—in other words, let her use her simple common sense about what foods to avoid. Let her resist the temptation to sabotage her efforts by eating twice as much of other foods; naturally a woman who stuffs on potatoes and peas can undo all the good she did by refusing sugar in her coffee.

Let this woman who is silently dieting also go on the wagon—not only is alcohol fattening, but it increases the appetite and makes moderation more difficult.

The patient who diets in this fashion may see no results for the first few weeks: but if she has been conscientious, the probable reason for this is that the fat is being replaced by equally heavy water, which will suddenly go away.

This calm, unromantic type of dieting may be accompanied by some kind of perspiration bath and colonic irrigations, but only if a doctor recommends them. A woman who is reducing should, of course do her exercises. She may also indulge in massage, which stimulates the muscles, helps reducing to a certain extent and is a luxurious reminder of the fact that getting thin is on the program. (Just the same, the woman who can't afford massage can get thin perfectly well without it.)

These suggestions do not apply, of course, to persons with a glandular upset resulting in obesity. But they *do* apply to all other classes who excuse themselves on the grounds of "hereditary fat."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hereditary fat is usually a hereditary habit of overeating, according to the medicos. A daughter brought up by a fat mother grows accustomed to the idea that she is being maltreated unless every meal includes a thick soup, layer cake and four or five chocolates to top it off. Moderate eating will do a lot to overcome an inherited tendency to fat—although it will not turn a patient into one of those medically-mysterious and irritating persons we all know, who eat like horses and are as thin as rails.

Ask a doctor whether there is anything fancy about your fatness, requiring special treatment.

If he says not, stop using alcohol and eating obviously fattening foods—and don't begin stuffing with outsize portions of other things to make up for it!

If you like to think in terms of calories, you can cut your intake down to 1,000 to 1,200 calories a day; bulky, satisfying foods with a small allotment of calories will down your hunger.

Don't be discouraged if you don't lose weight right away: fat disappears in "steps": you may lose two pounds one day, and nothing for four days after that. Getting weighed once a week, on the same scales and at approximately the same time of day, will show just how well you are doing.

Apportion calories about as follows: 300 for breakfast, 300 for luncheon, the rest for dinner.

Eat three meals daily: skipping meals does no permanent good.

To prevent weakness, one-fifth of your diet should consist of lean meats, fish, eggs, milk or cheese.

Minerals and vitamins are important for you, and they are present in fresh fruits and vegetables, eggs, meat and milk.

One cocktail, 1 piece of candy, two brazil nuts, four tangerines, 1 frankfurter, 1 ear of corn on the cob, a small baked potato, 4 strips of bacon, a hamburger steak $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches around and $\frac{7}{8}$ inches thick, 12 oysters, 3 sardines and 2 small sausages are all the equivalent in calories: 100.

Pamper yourself if you feel hungry by gnawing celery or drinking water or fruit juices.

Exercise twenty minutes a day. Or, if you're an active type, fence or dance, or play tennis each day. Don't consider massage a substitute for exercise.

Don't consider the victory won until you have held the new weight and measurements for at least six months, and temperate eating has become habitual.

(It's that easy.)

—Gretta Palmer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RAZING THE TOWER OF BABEL

WHEN THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD TRULY SPEAK TO ONE ANOTHER IT WILL BE IN BASIC ENGLISH

THE two English language experts who shocked educational authorities in 1923 with their book, *The Meaning of Meaning*, had no idea that it would start the most important experiment in education ever attempted.

Long before their book was in print, the two experts—C. K. Ogden and Dr. I. A. Richards—had become disgusted with the way things were going with the English language. Boys and girls left college with "complete" educations, though hardly able to write simple statements. Ten persons in a group hearing the same story went away and gave ten different stories—all because of the complex structure of English. Science, psychology and even the trades talked separate languages. There was no common meeting place where one might exchange questions and answers with the other.

So Ogden and Richards worked out a simple basic language—Basic English—which gives learners in all fields a sound system for the exchange of thoughts and ideas. Basic is a list of but 850 common English words. It is the belief of authorities that this system is not only the true key for teaching the English language, but can become an important instrument for the insurance of international peace.

Education of the masses is said to be the answer to this, and Basic is the only natural system so far designed which can do it. "Educating the educated" might be a better way of saying it, because even more important than the mass distribution of a common tongue is a system of language that will make it possible for, say, a psychologist in Germany and a geologist in Russia to trade theories on their different sciences. Since much more is international for science than for general purposes, it is the idea of Basic English to make all true science words international by agreement.

Basic, as we have said, uses only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

850 common English words, of which 400 are general for "things," 200 for "pictorial" ideas, 100 for "operations," 100 for "qualities" and fifty for "opposites." It is not, as has been falsely stated, "a sort of Esperanto." And only in a general sense is it a new "international language."

The learning of Basic is not hard, even for persons whose I. Q. rating is quite low. Generally it takes at least four years to get a good knowledge of normal English. Whereas, a complete knowledge of Basic is possible, for a bright person, in thirty to forty hours! In learning any language it is first necessary to have some idea of the different sorts of words in that language. There are more than 1,500 separate languages in use today, and they are as different as the clothing of those who make use of them; from this it may be seen that no sort of word or form of dress has so wide a distribution as to seem natural in all parts of the earth.

"In one country," says Ogden in his *The A B C of Basic English*, "it may be the right thing to put a gold ring or silver chain round the neck; in another, the space between the chest and the chain may be covered by jewels and ornaments; or by a colored cloth, for comfort; or a soft collar may be common—changed to a stiff one at night. So it would be foolish to go everywhere with the question, 'What sort of "collar" do they have here?' It is better to say: 'What, if anything, do they put on their necks?' Or, again, 'How are the legs covered?' Then we are at least taking a general view, and there is less danger of getting a wrong answer—or no answer at all.

"It is the same with words. There may not be 'nouns,' 'adjectives,' 'verbs,' or 'pronouns'; but everywhere there are things. So the first and most natural question about a language is, 'What names has it for *Things?*' "

In the 850 Basic Words, some 600 are names of *Things*. There are only three simple stages in learning the system: the 850 words and their order; expansions of the words in form and sense; special uses of the words, and their use for special purposes. Only eighteen of the words in the system are 'verb'-forms, so that what is commonly the hardest part of the learner's work — the complex structure and changing forms of the 'verb'—is not necessary in Basic. By putting together the names of simple operations, like *get*, *give*, *take*, *come*, *put*, *go*, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the words for directions, like *in*, *through*, *over*, and the rest, 2,000 or 3,000 complex ideas—like *inset*, which becomes *put in*—are made a part of his store. In this way 850 words are made to do the work of 20,000.

There are some 500,000 words in the English language. A very bright man in some field may have a good knowledge of 60,000. Another very bright man may have a different 60,000 stored in his mind—which makes them strangers in a language sense. By learning Basic, these two men can talk clearly with one another by the use of 850 words. And, because the system uses a simple basic idea within the knowledge of all persons, those of every nation, whatever their natural language or field of business, are able to meet on a common plane for the exchange of thoughts.

The earth gets smaller every year through the inventions of science. Radio, for example, has made it possible for all countries to trade talk, music and opinions. The telephone, motion pictures and advertisements of all sorts have done much for the development of business and friendly relations. But it is still a fact that Spaniards and Russians, tradesmen and scientists are language strangers. Basic English can—and will—change this condition, and Europe at least is "going for" the system in a big way.

At this writing, more than twenty-five countries are seriously teaching Basic in their schools and over the air. And Basic books have been printed in Danish, Latvian, Czech, Russian, Swedish, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and the chief languages of the Far East.

Denmark was one of the first nations to see the need of a system which can cut from years to hours the time necessary for learning English. In 1932, a Copenhagen night school, after learning Basic for only fifty hours, went on the air and got wide support from the general public. In 1936, twenty schools in Denmark were teaching Basic. China has been interested for some years, and teachers and books of the new system are greatly desired—so much so that false experts are making a good living from the masses. Long ago Japan saw the importance of Basic, and for six years Kyoto has printed a monthly paper in it.

America is slower in "taking" to Basic, but the future looks good, and credit in no small measure goes to Albert William Upton, teacher of English at California's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whittier College. Like Ogden and Richards, Upton was certain that the systems for teaching the English language were all wrong. Learners got little enough for all of their work. Language to most of them was no more than a natural part of life—necessary only as a thing by which they voiced their desires for clothing, food and the like. It seemed to Upton a great waste of time. So when the Ogden-Richards book came out, he saw the answer—in Basic English. With full authority from the School Board, he cut out "freshman composition," one of the most hated branches of college training, and put in Basic.

It was a hard fight at first. Basic was a new punishment—only a short jump from "freshman composition." But at last some of the learners got interested. Then more of them. Basic was different! It had a strange attraction. Learning it was simple; talking and writing it even more so. And here is the reason why: Only two languages in use today can be put together like bricks in a wall—English and Chinese. In these two languages there are no complex 'noun' endings, male and female word forms, nor 'verbs' which are not regular, such as in, say, Greek and Latin. Chinese and English are different only in one way: Chinese has thousands of complex word "pictures" which the learner must store in mind, while English has only twenty-six letters.

Basic "went over" at Whittier College, and today it is one of the most important divisions of learning at that and some other American colleges.

The fact which has most weight with public opinion is that Basic "gets away with it" even among persons whose natural language is English. The opening talk of the I. P. R. Conference at Banff, in 1933, for example, was printed in Basic, though most persons there had no knowledge of it. There are no tricks or loose ends in Basic; in reading, writing and talking it is smooth and simple. An international language has to be simple for the learner, and for this reason all words which are truly international are naturally looked upon as part of the Basic system.

In addition, there are twelve names of sciences—Algebra, Arithmetic, Biology, Chemistry, Geography, Geology, Geometry, Mathematics, Physics, Physiology, Psychology, Zoology, and twelve special international names—College, Dominion, Embassy, Imperial, King, Museum, President, Prince, Princess, Queen and Royal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While the 850 words in the Basic list are all that is necessary for general discussion and writing, science needs more, and to this end another 150 words, making the list 1,000, are ready for use. One hundred of these words are general science words, such as *valve* and *ratio*, and form the necessary base for all science discussion; the other fifty are designed to cover one special field.

Basic has a very important place in religion. In teaching African Negroes, for example, the 6,000 different English words that make up all the stories in the American Bible, from five to ten years are necessary. Whereas, the Basic Bible takes less than a year, because it uses only one out of every six of the words needed in the other Book. The first book of the Basic Bible—St. Mark—has been printed, and it is hoped that this Bible will be responsible for millions learning the system.

There is no question that Basic will one day be in general use in every land. But more important, it is hoped that America will be one of the leaders. Certain things point that way. It is said that Walt Disney is interested in "word image" or "thought image" ideas with which some schools in this country are now experimenting.

Such "word image" ideas, even if used only on a small scale in motion pictures, will plant in young persons the theory of simple "picture writing" used in Basic English.

That you may have an idea of how English is changed into simple words by Basic, we give here two examples for comparison. The first is from the American Bible and has to do with Boaz becoming the owner of Naomi's field:

"Now this was the custom in Israel: to validate any transaction in the matter of the right of redemption and its conveyance, the one pulled off his sandal, and gave it to the other; this was the manner of attesting in Israel."

Look at the statement in Basic:

"Now in earlier times this was the way in Israel, when property was taken back or the owner was changed. To make the exchange certain, one man took off his shoe and gave it to the other; and this was a witness in Israel."

NOTE: With the exception of a few words, which are enclosed in single quotes, the article you have just read is written entirely in Basic English. (This paragraph is not.) If you have failed to notice the simple, straightforward order of word presentation used in this system, a second reading is suggested. —ROBERT M. HYATT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADULT BONERS

We Should Laugh at the Youngsters!

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN—When a large number of men recently took an examination for city fireman's positions, they were asked to give the definition of "incendiary." And six of them wrote "a hospital for the insane."

GRANT'S PASS, OREGON—A questionnaire sent by the local business and professional women's self improvement group had for its first item the following: "Do you believe more training is needed in spelling? Grammer? Puntuation?"

MIAMI, FLORIDA—Simple questions put to motorists applying for drivers' licenses brought out the following answers. One man gave his age as 179 and another his height as 11 feet and 11 inches. As their occupation a woman wrote she was a "widow," while another thought being an "ex-wife" was some sort of a job. As for sex, one applicant wrote American and another "medium."

WACO, TEXAS—"Oxygen is an eight-sided figure," "Homer is a type of pigeon" and "Ulysses Grant is a tract of land upon which several war battles were fought" were all answers given in a psychological examination to students at Baylor College. Also a quorum is a place where fish are kept and Henry Clay is a beauty mud pack.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK—In their annual information test, high school students wrote: *The Good Companions* had been written by Franklin D. Roosevelt and James A. Farley, that "Cheviot" is a little Chevrolet, "Casting your pearls before swine" means you are paying your income tax, and Aristotle was the head of the aristocracy.

—ZETA ROTHSCHILD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSICAL CHAIRS

TWO OUT OF THREE CHANCES YOU'LL UNSEAT YOURSELF IN GUESSING WHO COMPOSED WHAT

HERE are fifty titles of favorite musical compositions for the violin, piano, orchestra, and voice. Most of these compositions are probably known to you, but the name of the composer may have escaped your memory. By way of giving you a reasonably broad hint, therefore, each title is followed by the names of three composers, one of which is correct. Count two points for each correct choice. A score of 70 can be considered fair, 80 is good, and 90 or more is excellent. Answers will be found on page 51.

1. MOONLIGHT SONATA
   (*a*) Ivry
   (*b*) Beethoven
   (*c*) Mozart
2. SONG OF THE VAGABONDS
   (*a*) Friml
   (*b*) Ball
   (*c*) Wendling
3. BARCAROLLE
   (*a*) Donizetti
   (*b*) Offenbach
   (*c*) Saint-Saëns
4. NUTCRACKER SUITE
   (*a*) Humperdinck
   (*b*) Verdi
   (*c*) Tschaikowsky
5. ON THE MALL
   (*a*) Sullivan
   (*b*) Goldman
   (*c*) Fred Fisher
6. SWANEE RIVER
   (*a*) William McKenna
   (*b*) Howard Scott
   (*c*) Foster
7. WASHINGTON POST MARCH
   (*a*) Sousa
   (*b*) Glinka
   (*c*) Arthur Pryor
8. PRELUDE IN C SHARP MINOR
   (*a*) Rachmaninoff
   (*b*) Borodin
   (*c*) Rubinstein
9. BOLERO
   (*a*) Levant
   (*b*) Ravel
   (*c*) German
10. TWILIGHT IN TURKEY
    (*a*) Raymond Scott
    (*b*) Paul Dresser
    (*c*) Nacio Herb Brown

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

11. At Dawning
    (a) Donaldson
    (b) Cadman
    (c) Franz
12. Serenade
    (a) Schubert
    (b) Debussy
    (c) Massenet
13. Rustle of Spring
    (a) Sinding
    (b) Franck
    (c) Balfe
14. Old Man River
    (a) Cole Porter
    (b) Jerome Kern
    (c) Ted Fiorito
15. Rhapsody in Blue
    (a) Berlin
    (b) Walter Damrosch
    (c) Gershwin
16. Funeral March
    (a) Wolf-Ferarri
    (b) Meyerbeer
    (c) Chopin
17. Pan-Americana
    (a) Goldbeck
    (b) Chiaffarelli
    (c) Herbert
18. The Glory Road
    (a) Jacques Wolf
    (b) James Thornton
    (c) Rebikoff
19. Merry Widow Waltz
    (a) Oscar Straus
    (b) Lehar
    (c) Griffes
20. Salut D'Amour
    (a) Elgar
    (b) Herold
    (c) Lecocq
21. Emperor Waltz
    (a) Bruno Huhn
    (b) Johann Strauss
    (c) Zingarelli
22. Kitten on the Keys
    (a) DeSylva
    (b) Confrey
    (c) Cliff Friend
23. The Star-Spangled Banner
    (a) Key
    (b) Hanley
    (c) Youmans
24. Scheherazade
    (a) Bizet
    (b) Puccini
    (c) Rimsky-Korsakov
25. O Promise Me
    (a) MacDowell
    (b) Goossens
    (c) DeKoven
26. Capriccio in E Major
    (a) Del Riego
    (b) Scarlatti
    (c) Berlioz
27. Gypsy Airs
    (a) Bellini
    (b) Sarasate
    (c) Palestrina
28. Requiem
    (a) Haydn
    (b) Mozart
    (c) Gounod
29. A Perfect Day
    (a) Amy Woodford Finden

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*b*) Carrie Jacobs Bond
(*c*) Mabel Wayne

30. ORIENTALE
(*a*) Cui
(*b*) Novacek
(*c*) Auber

31. MIGHTY LAK A ROSE
(*a*) Martin
(*b*) Thomas
(*c*) Nevin

32. SPRING SONG
(*a*) Smetana
(*b*) Mendelssohn
(*c*) Infante

33. DEVIL'S TRILL
(*a*) Piccini
(*b*) Spinelli
(*c*) Tartini

34. LIGHT HORSE CAVALRY MARCH
(*a*) Von Suppe
(*b*) Remy
(*c*) Von Flotow

35. ST. LOUIS BLUES
(*a*) W. C. Handy
(*b*) Ray Henderson
(*c*) Fletcher Henderson

36. GRAND CANYON SUITE
(*a*) Spohr
(*b*) Leroux
(*c*) Grofé

37. TWO GRENADIERS
(*a*) Cortesi
(*b*) Kalman
(*c*) Schumann

38. AFTER THE BALL
(*a*) Sam H. Stept
(*b*) Charles K. Harris
(*c*) Harry Warren

39. THE FIRE BIRD
(*a*) Moszkowski
(*b*) Stravinsky
(*c*) Goldmark

40. THE GYPSY BARON
(*a*) Grieg
(*b*) Shostakovich
(*c*) Johann Strauss

41. ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY
(*a*) Ritter
(*b*) Oley Speaks
(*c*) Coates

42. LES PRELUDES
(*a*) Liszt
(*b*) Bach
(*c*) Mascagni

43. SEVENTH SYMPHONY
(*a*) Brahms
(*b*) Beethoven
(*c*) Franck

44. DEEP PURPLE
(*a*) Peter De Rose
(*b*) De Falla
(*c*) Burle Marx

45. WALTZ IN A FLAT MAJOR
(*a*) Brahms
(*b*) Leoncavallo
(*c*) Handel

46. NOLA
(*a*) Arndt
(*b*) Zeller
(*c*) Jules Cohen

47. THE SORCEROR'S APPRENTICE
(*a*) Sgambati
(*b*) Korngold

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*c*) Dukas

48. FINLANDIA
    (*a*) Sibelius
    (*b*) Vivaldi
    (*c*) Zollner

49. THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS
    (*a*) Richard Strauss
    (*b*) Yourassovsky
    (*c*) Deems Taylor

50. TREES
    (*a*) Grainger
    (*b*) Rasbach
    (*c*) Jacobson

—A. I. GREEN

HOME LIFE OF A QUIZ-FRAMER

"HELLO dear . . . Yes, the broadcast went off fine this afternoon. Now then, will you tell me your name and occupation? . . . Mrs. Henry Weatherby, housewife, eh? Are you from this city, Mrs. Weatherby? Well, that's just dandy. Is dinner ready? And incidentally, can you name three vegetables that begin with B? Oh, come on now, this isn't hard. I'll give you a start. There's broccoli—Oh now this is easy.

"How have the kids been? . . . That's good.—That reminds me: How many children did Henry the Eighth have, and how many of them ascended the English throne? It isn't a catch question . . . Oh, all right. You look a little tired, dear. Oh yes, who said 'Frailty, thy name is woman'? I'll repeat the question. Who said: 'Frailty, thy name is woman'? . . . What? . . . That's right! Shakespeare said it, and Mrs. Weatherby, you get the five dol—er, never mind.

"You want me to shovel off the walk? All right. And answer true or false: snow is condensed moisture that has been cooled to the freezing point. I'll repeat—all right. If you don't know, you don't. Hello, Junior! Been a good boy? All but one of these terms is associated with games: puck, tag, punt, cathode, serve, base, putt and basket. Which one of these is *not* associated with games? Come on, Junior think.

"What's that, dear? Harry Simonds wants me to call him? Okay. Incidentally, which of these men invented the telephone: Thomas Edison, Alexander Graham Bell, DeWitt Clinton, Eli Whitney, Harold Bell Wright, Henry Fulton? Junior, will you fetch my slippers and tell me whether it is true or false that a common nickname for Joe Louis is 'The Great Emancipator'? Well, here's my precious little Ethel! Did you play with your dollies today and is a bassinet a big wind instrument frequently used in bands and orchestras?

"It's hot in here. What's the boiling point of water? Is it true that firearms were first invented in China? What's the capital of North Dakota? How old is Ann? How high is up? Who ate my porridge? . . . What, dear? . . . Will I give you a hundred dollars for a new fur coat? Darling, I wish you wouldn't keep asking ridiculous questions."

—PARKE CUMMINGS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PORTRAIT OF NICKOLAS MURAY

AT LEAST AS TIRELESS AS THE DAY IS LONG, HIS EVERY PICTURE IS A SHOT AT PERFECTION

SOME of the finest color photography in America, today, is being done by Nickolas Muray—Olympic fencer. Muray makes the color tones of most of his *confrères* look like so much Ganges mud.

Born in Szeged, Hungary, in 1892, Muray got his training as an engraver. His photography is self-taught. His chief love is the sword. Nervous, high-strung, restless—his anxiety compulsions make him a perfectionist.

At 12, he was apprenticed to a wood engraver in Budapest. At 14, he was signed up with Weinwurm & Co., photoengravers. Soon he was sent to Germany, for post-graduate work: one year at Munich, two at Berlin. In Germany he worked only mornings: afternoons and evenings were spent at school—photo-chemistry and color work.

He has a great abhorrence for bananas, his chief diet in the apprentice days . . . days in which he sported paper shirt fronts, paper cuffs, and a celluloid collar.

In 1913 he came to America. He had heard tales of depression, of job problems for new arrivals. He spoke no English. His grounding in engraving was so thorough, however, that a week after landing he walked into a responsible post with Stockinger, in Brooklyn—one of the largest engraving houses in the country.

He later learned that Stockinger's was considered a dog house. Stockinger was supposed to be so temperamental no engraver could get along with him. But there was a psychological trick. Stockinger was Viennese—he had old world notions of procedure and perfection. Muray, whose background was sympathetic, knew all the continental tricks. As soon as he hung up his Hungarian hat, he clicked.

After three and a half years, Muray headed inland and explored Chicago. He came back to New York, shortly, and engraved a few plates for Sterling. Then, in 1917,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUISE RAINER

he decided to take a flier as a portrait photographer.

He set up a studio in Greenwich Village, experimented on friends. Knowing well the psychology of a perfume bottle, he charged the limit. People instinctively knew that any man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRIDA RIVERA

charging such prices must be good.

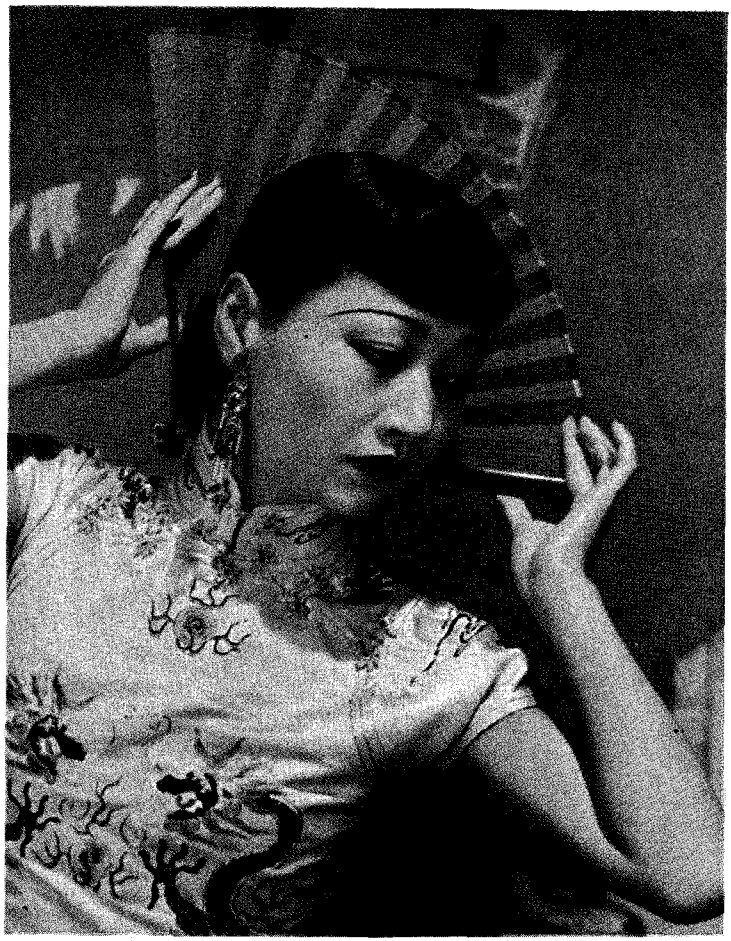
Work, however, was scant; and money was scarce. He had only a skeleton of equipment. One day his only 200-watt bulb burned out. It was a major tragedy. He had to lean on a dirty skylight until another far-spaced check came in.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GINGER ROGERS

His first break came with *Harper's*. Two full pages were ordered every month. *Vanity Fair* became interested. He had precisely what Condé Nast wanted: craftsmanship, cosmopolitanism, a driving personality, and the grand manner. Off he went—London, Ber-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ANNA MAY WONG

lin, Paris, photographing notables for the chi-chi pages, Nast's coated stock guide to sophistication. The photographs reproduced in conjunction with this article, incidentally, are some of the high spots of the work he did for *Vanity Fair* over a long period of time. Boom times came: and in ten years he knocked off some 10,000 portraits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Curiously," Muray said, "I never liked things that came easy . . . and portraiture came easy." He decided to work in color: to find out all there was to know about it, and do it as well as technical limitations let it be done.

In 1931, he packed up and went back to Germany. He lived in the photographic factories. "I went all over Germany," he said, "to find the best color processes they had. They had nothing to compare with the English Carbro process, but they had cameras."

He brought back the best equipment he could find, including a *Jos-pe* camera—a one-shot machine. This was the first one-shot camera to be brought to America.

Before sailing he cabled prospective clients about his find. Orders were transmitted to him in Europe; and when he stepped off the boat, hundreds of dollars' worth of color negatives were in the bag.

He had now spent four years experimenting. His technique was sure. And his equipment far better than that of his American competitors.

His new samples were shown around—the result of hard years of self-directed experiment. Immediately they sold. Orders came in for substantial sums; his paper cuff days were gone for certain.

In the interim, he took up fencing—"for exercise." His precision and patience bore the same fruits here as in his color work. Handling foils, *épée*, and saber, he soon pinked ribbons and slashed old champions. He copped some sixty-odd medals, and represented the United States in the 1928 and 1932 Olympics. Has been both Metropolitan and United States saber champion.

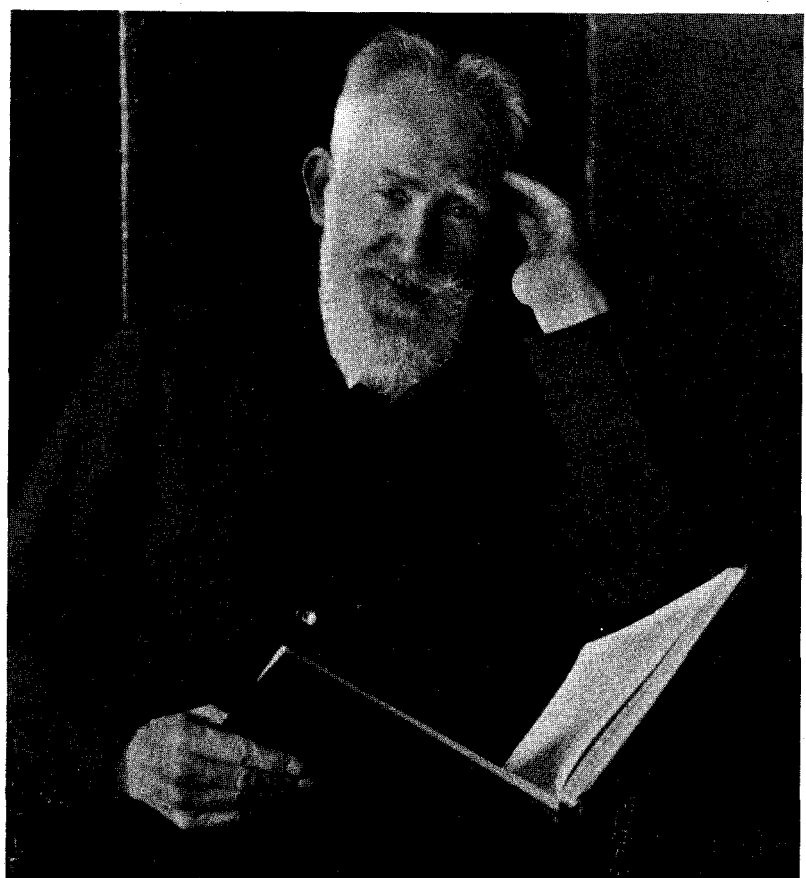
Clients still wait while he yells "*touché*." Each week, two mornings and three afternoons are cut up with practice.

★ ★ ★

The technical quality of Muray's work, like all of Gaul, is divided into three parts. He has the thorough grounding of an engraver. He has a broad technical background, covering all phases of the chemistry of color. He has a corrupted personality, which never rests—but which, in its struggle for rest, goes through a Don Juan search for symbolic perfection.

No matter how much a print of his is admired, he kicks himself for not having done it another way. His fencing is perhaps a psychic escape from this struggle with himself. Here the cycle is more rapid, hence more satisfying. If he miffs his first lunge, right away he can make a stab with another.

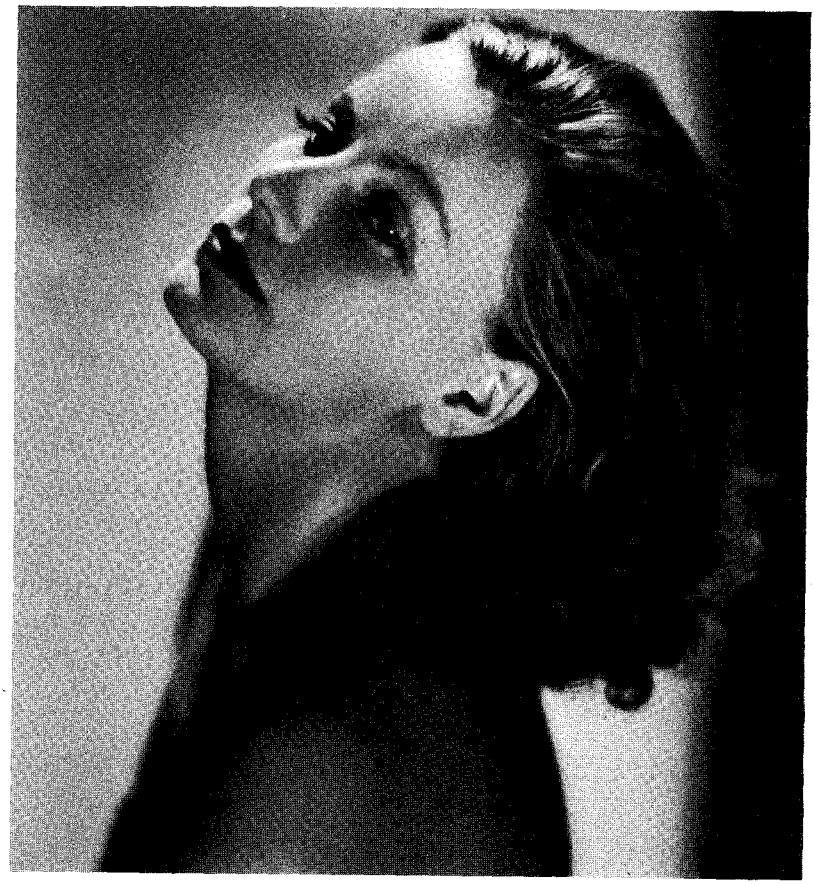
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

In his portrait work, he sticks by the silent shutter. He talks a great deal during the shooting, hides the moment of exposure. He maintains that action photography shares with fencing the need for nervous tension and a sure sense of timing—and that the *qui vive* training of one is a help in the other. He suffers from an inability to sit. He is always in motion, never relaxes. Infrequently enough, he has nothing else to do, so he tries to do the last thing better.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

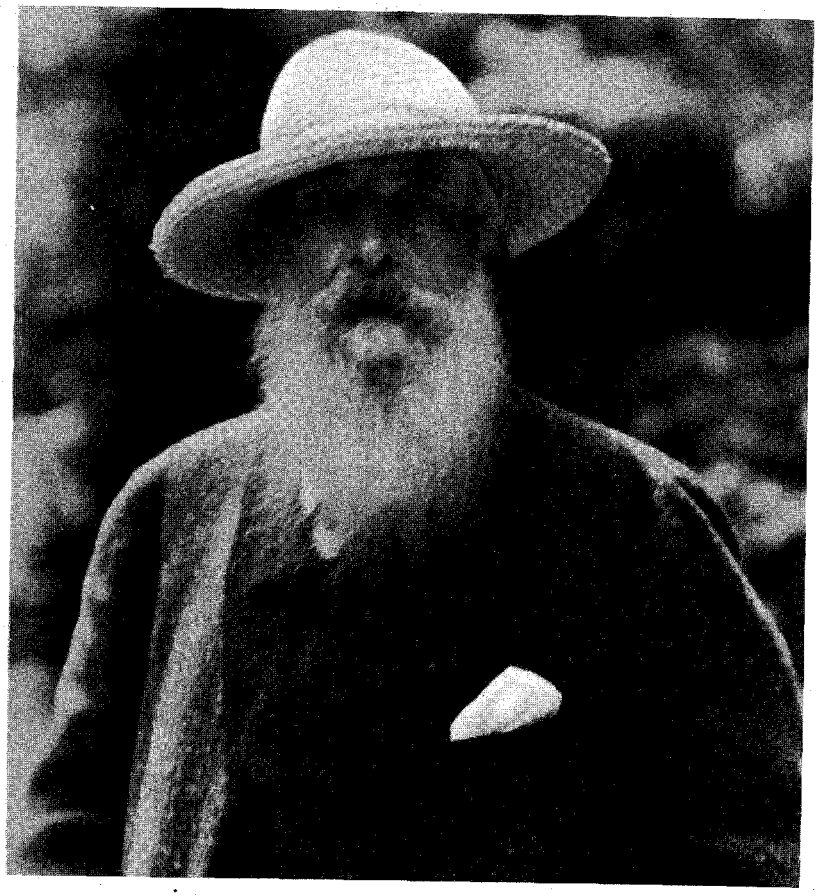


GRETA GARBO

It is said that during his experimental work with color, he nearly killed himself with work; stayed in his dark room for months at a time. His everyday work is carried on with the same drive.

His subordinate passion is gadgeteering. He is said to have a Rube Goldberg weakness for complicating props and studio setups. Instead of pinning up a backdrop, he will work out a system combining the best principles of bridge building and Newton's third law.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CLAUDE MONET

When he is taken past a ten-cent store he has to be held on a leash. He brings back to the studio all sorts of Woolworth booty . . . including the latest devices for stopping runs in stockings.

He buys every new electric razor that comes to the market. After taking them apart and putting them through every normal test —with its seven variations—he sends for the gadgets' gadgets.

He has practically no interest in money; none in publicity. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

H. G. WELLS

seems to drive himself on for only one reason: he is nervously incapable of slowing down. His inner tension carries him, almost against his will, into that category of genius which involves the infinite cliché of "taking pains."

But be that as it may. His color work has a clarity, a precision, a form of vitality that is outstanding in this day of picture-postcardism. If he gets it by drinking General Grant's whiskey, there still is no quarrel. —ROBERT W. MARKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NOTE ON RIMSKY-KORSAKOV

BRILLIANT RATHER THAN PROFOUND, HIS MUSIC TEEMS WITH POMP AND GLITTER

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV HEADS BREAK AT PETERSBURG CONSERVATORY

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV CHAMPIONS STUDENTS' RIGHT TO SELF GOVERNMENT

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S MUSIC FORBIDDEN IN ST. PETERSBURG

Such was the news from Russia in 1905. The little white-bearded, flat-chested aristocrat was having his say. His experiences with the Tsar's tedious censor had taught him what bureaucracy could do to art. And he had witnessed the two to three hundred ratline blows on the bare backs of sailors at sea. He understood the reasons for the all-Russian strike and rebellion against the *status quo*. He did what he could to keep the St. Petersburg Music Conservatory free from political interference.

Born when his father, a governor emeritus, was already 61 and his brother over 20, the young Nicolai Andreyevich had the understanding of a child of old age. Earnest and hard-working, he could have made the Sunday rotogravure as a boy wonder, had he been interested. At two, he clearly distinguished all the tunes his mother sang to him. At three, he preached mock sermons to the family, while gesturing from his highchair. He was a born mimic and often pantomimed characters in the music of his operas. At four, he kept perfect time with a drumstick and even introduced rhythmic variations while his father played the piano. At five, he bet he could identify blindfolded any note his father played, and did. Later he claimed his ear had been ruined by the different pitches of the orchestras at the Conservatory and the Imperial Chapel. By seven, he was providing third and fourth hand, not in bridge, but parlor concerts.

But no one thought of music as a profession for him. Tikhvin, his home town, had no professional musicians. All it boasted—in its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feudal isolation—was a four-piece orchestra of two violins, cymbals and tambourine for Saturday night dances. On summer evenings the lugubrious chant of pilgrims visiting the near-by monastery could be heard. "These strange rhythms," Rimsky often said, "remained with me always."

He passionately liked to study, read, and could recall page after page verbatim. As a child, he learned the folk-tales he was to bring into the theatre, and heard the folk-tunes that one day he was to dress up and send around the world. But other things were to come first.

He had a whim for mechanics and periodically dis-assembled the piano and household clocks. He liked astronomy and knew by heart all the northern constellations, and he was not unwilling at twelve to be enrolled, as befitted a boy of his station, for six years in the Marine Corps.

He disgraced his family the first day. Standing on the ratline while the shrouds were being made taut, he lost balance and fell into the sea. It took the combined efforts of his chagrined lieutenant brother and several grinning boatmen to fish him out.

Among a shipful of blarney and brawn, Rimsky was pretty much squelched. He started around the world in the frigate *Almaz*, that took, with typical Russian efficiency, sixty-five days from New York to Rio. He spent six months in America during the Civil War, when the government of Alexander II was kindly disposed toward the North.

He visited Niagara Falls. The sound of the water impressed him more than its sight, and he spoke of it for years afterward. He played excerpts from *A Life for the Tsar* on an old piano at the Hotel Niagara to satisfy the commands of his officer.

Rimsky made little progress as a midshipman. He lacked executive ability, he said, couldn't swear at sailors and knock their teeth in to command respect, as was the custom then.

He wrote his first symphony on shipboard, though he had no thought of becoming a composer. Once home, he got himself a job as inspector of naval bands, and while organizing them developed his acquaintance with the young musicians of St. Petersburg. He had first to accustom himself again to music, and then finally he plunged into it full speed ahead. He grew fond of Balakirev, a violent young musician with wide dark eyes and a Tartar physiog-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nomy who conducted cultural bull sessions for artist friends on Saturday nights. Famous men like Moussorgsky, Cui, and the art critic V. V. Stasoff met regularly to argue about the new music, the new criticism, and the new art.

Here, Rimsky heard opinions that amazed him: that Chopin was sweet and womanish, that Mendelssohn was sour and bourgeois, Palestrina only a series of chords, Beethoven weak and Mozart musically unimportant. He heard much about the necessity of throwing off the foreign yoke and writing Russian music —of the world-mission of the Slavonic peoples. Balakirev's circle was miasmic in its criticism, and Balakirev had the tolerance and understanding of a Nazi. He maintained that there was only one right way in everything—*his* way.

After his messmates at sea and their muscular contempt for culture, all this was stimulating to Rimsky . . . and he was flattered that his companions thought well of his dabbling in composition. But he was flabbergasted when the director of the St. Petersburg Conservatory offered him a job. *Professor of Practical Composition*— and he scarcely knew the name of one chord from another. He couldn't explain the theory of counterpoint, the principles of orchestration. Instrumentation was a closed book. He had been writing music without knowing how it was done.

But he took the job, bluffed his way in the beginning, became the best pupil of the school. In the end he knew more than any of his compatriots about the technique of his art. It was he who wrote the textbook on instrumentation, he who taught Stravinsky, he who corrected and edited the works of Borodin, Dargomijsky and Moussorgsky. So impressed was Tchaikovsky that he wrote him: "I am a mere artisan in music. You are an artist in the fullest sense of the word."

Rimsky settled down to a long and useful life, teaching and conducting series after series of concerts to make known the music of Russia. After rooming for a time with Moussorgsky, he married Nadejda Nicholaeona Pourgold. The two lived in complete union. She wrote and played music as well as he, but her real work was to inspire him. Ten years after his proposal, he still wanted her near when he was working.

★ ★ ★

Rimsky-Korsakov's music is like the gay picture-books children get

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at Christmas. His themes appear in bizarre and gaily-colored guises, delightfully transparent. Filled with Russian Ferdinands and Mickey Mouses, golden cocks and dancing peasants, his operas take us at once to far-away lands. Amid fabulous pomp and glitter, or deep, dark mysticism, the most impossible things happen. They may not be real, but they seem so.

And how he tickles the ear!

Rimsky knew his business, perhaps too well. He could concoct synthetic and pseudo folk-melodies that seemed more genuine than the real thing. He could create whatever color, whatever sparkle he desired. His technique was so facile that he became almost pedantic in his fantasy.

He was touchy about references to his fine hand in orchestration. Having been told that his *Spanish Caprice* was "a colossal masterpiece of instrumentation," he replied in his *Autobiography*, "The opinion formed by both critics and public that the *capriccio* is a magnificently orchestrated piece is wrong. The *capriccio* is a brilliant *composition for the orchestra.* The change of timbres, the felicitous choice of melodic designs and figuration patterns, brief virtuoso cadenzas for instruments solo, the rhythm of the percussion instruments, constitute here the very essence of the composition and not its garb or orchestration."

The real weakness of Rimsky is his failure to penetrate deeply. He was superficial, not profound. For some reason, he was afraid or unable to establish contact with actual and vital experiences. His music, as Paul Rosenfeld says, "is never more than a graceful arrangement of surfaces, the cunning and pleasing presentation of matter chosen for its exotic rhythms and shapes, its Oriental and peasant tang, its pungency. The form is ever a thing of two dimensions."

And his longer works are patchy. He shares with all Russians the habit of thinking in episodes. There are pages and pages of boresome and repetitious phrases lacking true spontaneity. Score after score fails to have a dramatic climax. When the opportunity comes to display his orchestra independently, he somehow misses fire.

Of course, he still has a number of best-sellers in the repertoire. His *Song of India* and *Flight of the Bumble-Bee* continue as Swing classics. And there are thousands for whom his bright and exotic colors have not faded . . . for whom his *Scheherazade* is a reality.

—Carleton Smith

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

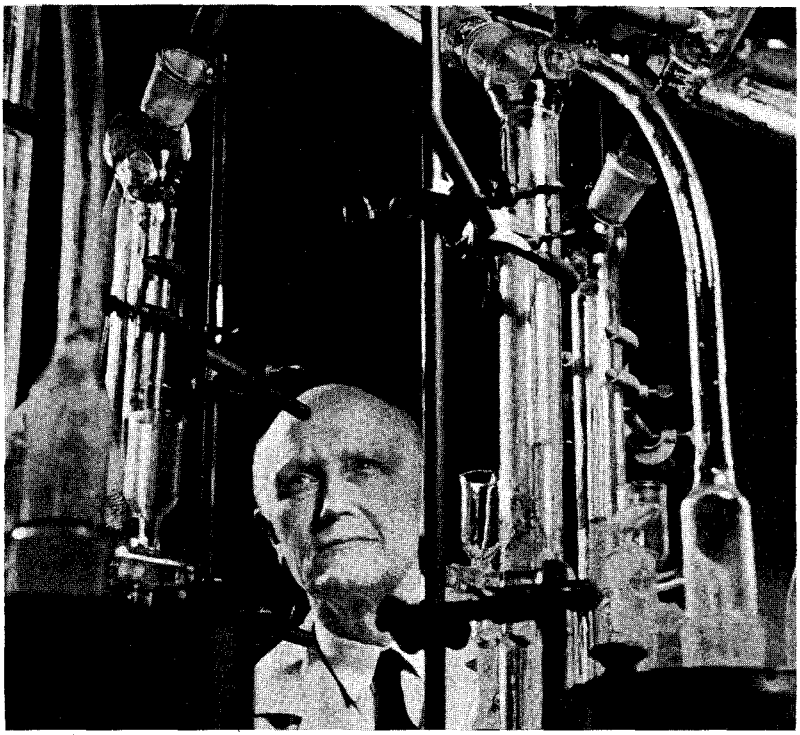
ELIZABETH VOSSELLER

RATHER than being remembered as the scene of a trial that horrified the world, Flemington, New Jersey, would like to be known as the home of a great choir school. Miss Elizabeth Van Fleet Vosseller's Children's Choir School is the only thing of its kind in America, and is the more significant because of the spirit of religious tolerance her teaching has developed. It serves all Flemington churches and represents five denominations; the little choristers are totally unconscious of any kind of religious prejudice. More than forty years ago young brown-eyed Elizabeth Vosseller first heard of a little children's choir in the neighborhood. It became the inspiration for her career and has touched the lives of thousands of young folk throughout the United States. Unlike Westminster Choir School, which has become a college, the Flemington school does not develop professional musicians. Children just learn to sing so that they may take active part in church services. They receive a background of musical culture that includes familiarity with instruments, the symphony, opera and oratorio. They sing blithely from probation (like a kindergarten) through the seven-year course that leads to graduation into the upper choir of the singer's own church. "Graduation night"—a Friday evening in May—each year stirs the community and brings distinguished visitors from all parts of the country. A tragic stroke of paralysis now confines vital "Miss Bessie" to her home, but her charming study is a meeting place for youngsters of the village—who don't stop coming just because they're grown.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELIZABETH VOSSELLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DR. FRED CONRAD KOCH

WHOSE RECENT LABORATORY SENSATION IS THE SEX HORMONE

With the words vitamin, hormone and enzyme being practically thrust at us daily by advertising copywriters, we might do a little pushing ourselves and peer into the laboratory of one of the famous biochemistry researchers who is partially responsible for this state of affairs. Dr. Fred Conrad Koch has an international reputation for his experimental work in these fields. Under his supervision, Dr. McGee first obtained in crude form the male sex hormone which probably will be used in some startling ways on human beings pretty shortly. They did most of their laboratory experimentation on capons. Dr. Koch has done important things with vitamin D, too. His wife, also a Ph.D., works beside her husband at the University of Chicago every day without pay—simply for the sheer fun of it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOROTHY RODGERS

WHOSE BUSINESS THRIVES AND PROSPERS ON OTHERS' BAD BREAKS

THE best news you can tell Dorothy Rodgers is that you've broken something. Five years ago she returned to her home to find it a shambles—chandeliers broken, rugs torn and the premises vaguely resembling the Dust Bowl. When she cast about for someone to restore the apartment and failed, it started her thinking. Now she fixes everything imaginable, employs a dozen office workers and craftsmen who mend or duplicate objects. Most of the work is in furniture and glassware. The biggest job was restoring a mural, slashed by a berserk drunk, in the Waldorf-Astoria. Wife of Richard Rodgers, the composer, she dropped art for Repairs, Inc., deciding "there are enough lousy sculptors." Her two vigorous young daughters sometimes make Mrs. Rodgers her own best customer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OSCAR B. BACH

WHOSE CRAFTSMANSHIP RANKS WITH THAT OF ANOTHER FAMOUS BACH

CALLED the Cellini of metal work, Oscar B. Bach designs everything from portable typewriters to stainless steel statues of Democracy. All his products—electric toasters, wastebaskets and cigaret boxes—wear a faint aura of the Middle Ages, for Bach uses Renaissance principles even when whipping up numbers for present-day trade. His doors to churches, synagogues and homes recall the art of medieval Rome. Bachite, a colored stainless steel—lighter, tougher and cheaper than the ordinary—is Bach's invention. He is proud of being the only living metal artist represented in Vatican museum—with a Bible case he designed at 18. The Du Ponts, Morgans and Armours order doorways, gates, furniture and statuary from Bach's New York studio foundries. When you board S. S. *Manhattan* or *Washington*, you cannot help notice the rhythmic ornamental metal. It's Bach.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEGGY LYNCH

WHOSE GIFT HORSES ARE NEVER, NEVER LOOKED IN THE MOUTH

ONE lady who has followed the horses successfully is Peggy Lynch, who practically has a one-woman monopoly in trading sea horses. Her strange career began when she fell heir to an attic full of dried urchins, given her by an outraged mussel-raiser whose mussels they had been annoying. In her little Manhattan office, Miss Lynch shapes the little animals into pins, sets them as decorative centers of paper weights, makes them into window shade and lamp-cord pulls. Gift shops gather up everything she can give them. She has sold more than 78,000 and claims no two designs are alike. Her representative wanders up and down the coast from Cape Cod to Florida, buying up likely looking hauls. Museums and aquariums are regular customers. Once, over a week-end, she filled an order from Panama for 1,000 of the fantastic creatures. For what they were used, no one seems to know.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

S. N. ROSENTHAL

WHO IS CALLED BY SOME MUSICIANS THE STRADIVARIUS OF OUR DAY

THE strains of the violin died away. Albert Stoessel, concert master, stood motionless. A bent little man watched, eyes burning with hope. Suddenly the conductor laid violin aside, seized the old man's hands. "All my life I have looked for this—a healthy violin that sounds like an old master." Thus in a tiny New York workshop, S. N. Rosenthal answers the musicians who have cried, "What will happen when the old masters are gone or are too delicate to be played?" Unlike old masters, Rosenthal's fiddles are not affected by changing climate—result of a secret, flexible glue. Rosenthal hopes to avert tragedies in the lives of struggling artists who now need not mortgage their futures for fragile $15,000 antiques, when a modern Rosenthal, at less than $1,000, will serve their purpose.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TECHNIQUE FOR ISOLATION

HE WHO WOULD ENSURE PRIVACY MUST TAKE THE OFFENSIVE—THE MORE OFFENSIVE, THE BETTER

AFTER I board the 8:15 I like to read my morning paper without interruption. The paper is my Maginot Line, and everybody on the 8:15 knows it except the occasional stranger who may sit down beside me.

He adjusts his tie. I can feel him squirming in his seat. He's going to speak.

"Looks bad on the other side of the ocean," he observes. It's an implied question. Common courtesy demands an answer.

"Which ocean?" I ask, and go on reading.

"I mean . . ." he stammers, "the European situation. What do you make of it?"

I turn hastily to the Gumps. My voice is flat, without emotion.

"I have expressed myself in the Gallup Poll," I say coldly. "I am the fraction of one per cent."

I think I have stopped him cold. I hope so. He's spoiled forty-five seconds already, and I will have to make a fresh start on the Gumps.

But the stranger is thick-skinned. He gathers himself for one more effort.

"Pardon me," he says. "What did you say?"

I rattle the Maginot Line. The lid is off my artillery.

"I pay the taxes to buy the bread to feed the experts in the State Department," I say. "They get secret reports from the ambassadors, and I stand the postage. So much for the foreign situation. No, I don't think that Roosevelt is ruining the country. The country is ruining Roosevelt. We cannot have recovery until we have confidence, and we certainly cannot have confidence until we have recovery—and the weather, I hasten to add, is never entirely satisfactory.

"These, sir, are my profoundest opinions. They are meant to cast no reflections on persons living or dead—except yourself. With your permission I will now return to the Gumps." —WILLIAM HOLMES

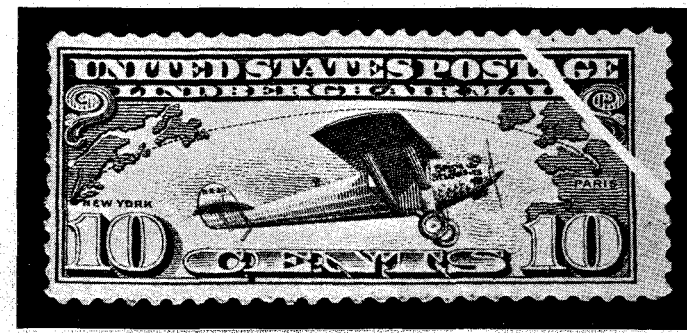
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST OFFICE FOLLIES

A Collection of Famous Stamp Errors

THE artistic standards set for stamp designers have never been so high but what even a mediocre draughtsman could hurdle them in an easy bound. It can be understood, of course, that the Jim Farleys of the world have other things on their minds than cultivating a taste for artistry in the little gummed insignias that expedite our letters to their destinations. Why these business-minded officials should neglect, in addition to the esthetics, the geographical and other workaday details of their stamps is another matter. Errors that even the proprietor of a side street restaurant would correct in his daily menu creep into stamp editions, bearing the solemn imprint of the issuing government, apparently without causing so much as a resolution to do better the next time. Perhaps some dignitary merely says, "Issue me a ten-cent stamp," and thereupon the engraver and printer get together and do the best they can with whatever old cuts and broken down type come to hand. That is a fantastic theory, but the reproductions on the following pages lend it support.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GOOD ARTWORK, BAD GEOGRAPHY. The artist who designed this stamp was at least above average in technical ability, perhaps as a result of practicing his draughtsmanship in geography class. At any rate, he apparently did not know that Newfoundland is a single unit, not a series of detached islands, and that Paris was never, to human knowledge, located on a bay.

COLUMBUS WITH TELESCOPE. Stamp designers are famous for their anachronisms. The telescope had not yet been invented in 1492; but on St. Kitts, Antilles island, where this stamp was issued in 1903, nobody raised any great objection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DECLARATION OF WAR. When hot-headed Haitians discovered the border-lines between Dominica and Haiti defined as shown on this map, they were ready to go to war to recover the territory that the stamp designer took away from them. Bloodshed was averted by printing a revised edition of the stamp.

BACKWARD WAVES. Poland's case for a seaport is, if anything, strengthened by this illustration of their need for additional nautical lore. The ship is cutting the waves backwards and the rigging is quite unorthodox.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUNRISE IN MARTINIQUE. The artist apparently meant to depict the rising sun here, but even assuming that this is a sunset, it still can't be right. The sun is shown over the harbor of Cap de France which, according to the view depicted in this illustration, lies due south.

ANCIENT VINTAGE. If the date 1019 on this German stamp is correct, it is a rare collector's item indeed. As a matter of fact, however, the stamp derives its rarity not from its age but from the fact that it contains an odd misprint, the first 9 in 1919 having lost its leg.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN VIKING. So imbued with combined Norse-American fervor was the designer of this stamp that he committed a comparatively wild anachronism. In order to inject a Norse flavor he drew a Viking ship, but when he placed an American flag on the bow he obviously displayed more patriotism than historical perspective.

MISNOMER. This stamp, issued in 1847, theoretically gives away the post office of Mauritius, Indian Ocean island. The engraver, who was taking verbal instructions, understood the minister of posts to say "post office" instead of "porto paid."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WRONG-WAY AGRICULTURIST. For some 35 years French Marianne has been sowing against the wind—and reaping a storm of protests from French agricultural organizations as a logical result. Postal authorities, however, refuse to change the stamp.

PROPHETIC STAMP. This stamp reads Dfutsches Reich instead of Deutsches Reich because in the process of printing, the lower bar of an E broke. Since *futsch* means done-for, political wags in the old Reich got their money's worth out of this stamp.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STAND UP AND LIVE

CORRECT YOUR POSTURE AND YOU AUTOMATICALLY CURE MANY OF THE ILLS THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO

MAN stands erect and carries himself on two legs. He is active and his motions are intricate. Compare him with a horse. A horse goes through simpler movements and bears its bulk on four widely-set limbs. Even a wooden horse would resist gravity and it would take a certain amount of force to throw it off balance. But a dummy of a man, balanced momentarily on its feet, could be whisked down by the slightest push. For one thing man's feet, as pedestals, are too small and inadequate for his height and weight. Now when one realizes that the human skeleton consists of two hundred and six separate bones most of which are attached to one another at freely movable joints, one wonders at the genius of the juggler who can pile up so many pieces along an upright line and uphold them. And then think of our Nijinskis and Pavlovas mounting on the toes of one foot and pirouetting with a grace and ease hardly matched in the animal kingdom.

A man's ability to hold himself erect against the forces of gravity is alone a miracle. But he also moves against friction, in winds and storms. What is the power that maintains two hundred and six loosely connected bones along an upright line, makes them move upon one another, moves them all together? What enables a man to stand up, walk, play, dance without losing his balance?

To begin with, there is the mechanical side of a man's build. Each bone is a well designed architectural unit. It is soundly constructed. Where stress is borne, it is reenforced by strong bands and it is so shaped as to adequately receive and disseminate its share of strain. Where two bones come together and form a joint, the surfaces are cushioned with shock-absorbing semi-elastic gristle and the ends are perfectly adapted to receive one another.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In some joints the bone-ends even dovetail and interlock. But we know this: even the best juggler couldn't uphold a human skeleton that has been stripped of its flesh. The ligaments hold the bones together, muscles and tendons lend their supportive aid and the skin acts as a snuggly fitted casing to all. But from our experience with paralyzed people, we can discount on that score, too. These unfortunates, though they still have their ligaments, muscles, tendons and encasing skin, cannot stand up or walk. They cannot, because their muscles and tendons have become lax, their joints give way, even dislocate. In other words, the skeleton virtually collapses, because the force which constantly keeps the muscles and tendons of a well person sufficiently taut so as to hold the bones together in an upright posture is lacking. That force normally comes from the nervous system. The nervous system is the juggler that maintains a man's posture—it is the master of marionettes which sustains two hundred and six bones along an erect line, makes them move upon one another, moves them together, against the inert forces of gravity and the powerful jabs of the elements.

Now this is no place to expand upon the nature of nervous energy which keeps the muscles in tone and makes them contract. Nor is it within the scope of this article to discuss various abnormalities which deflect human posture, turn and twist bones, stiffen joints and maim muscles. Let us assume that a child is born well and he grows up without being afflicted by rickets, arthritis, infantile paralysis or some other crippling disease. What makes him round shouldered, humped, flat footed or pigeon-toed?

In the first place, though one child may seem as well as another at birth, he may not possess the potentialities to grow up as well. In other words, we are not born alike. Our stock is different. Our bones and muscles may appear alike but their inward, invisible power of growth and expansion is inherited, hence variable. Some of us grow tall; others remain short; some stay slender and others expand breadth-wise and become stumpy. And then again flat-footed parents usually beget flat-footed children. Secondly, though we may be born more or less alike, we may not have the same environment in which to grow. By environment I mean everything that influences us, be it physical or psychological.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A child imitates its parents or associates, imitates their stoop, their attitudes and their gait. He will stand straight if his models stand straight and he will walk crooked if his models walk crooked. Moreover, a child copies, or is made to copy the psychological bent, the moral and mental attitudes of its associates. Take the little girl who is brought up with the puritanical sense of shame about physical growth. At puberty when her breasts begin to bulge, she'll draw her chest in and stoop to hide the source of her shame and, before long, she'll become humped and round shouldered. Not so long ago it was the style of several of our movie sirens to droop one shoulder and strike flat-bellied slouching attitudes that were admiringly imitated with consequent acquisition of tilted pelvis and curvature of spine. There were boys who would imitate the pigeon-toed swagger of wild west rangers and the Charlie Chaplin gait had its imitators.

"Well," you may say, "what is wrong in slouching like movie sirens or strutting like a cow-puncher? It looks good, doesn't it?"

My answer is: a movie star may strike an awry attitude and may make it appear appealing. You may not be as successful an actor and the chances are that you do not possess the redeeming beauty or personality. What is more, false attitudes may become habitual and may hurt you in due time—hurt you in the double sense that it may cause pain and may eventually put your bodily functions out of gear and undermine your health. The central supporting rod of your torso, the spine, not only encloses important nerve centers and lets out numerous nerves, but it is also a kind of springboard for the proper discharging of bodily functions. The heart, lungs, liver, stomach, intestines, kidneys—all hang from the spine and it is a well-known fact that people with severe curvatures of the spine soon develop deformed chests; the heart becomes compressed and tires years before its span of regular, rhythmic work. Secondly, slender, stooped people usually have their guts in their boots—figuratively speaking. Their intestines sag down, become stagnant and they suffer from the myriad ill effects of constipation. Thirdly, the individual segments of the spine, the "soup bones," have shock-absorbing cushions interposed between them and each cushion has an elastic bulb within its core. These bulbs absorb the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thousand and one injurious impulses that are incidental to everyday activity; they disseminate the stress and strain coming to them from above and below and save the spine from wearing down too soon. In people with faulty posture the shock absorbing bulbs are shifted out of their normal location and they fail to catch and disperse their share of stress and strain. A concentrated stream of injurious impulses goes down the spine and eventually wears the bones. The result is arthritis, and arthritis is painful.

Bad posture is a liability whichever way you look at it. But what is bad posture and what is good posture? In defining these I shall avoid technical references to weight-bearing lines and gravity centers of the body. I would say that a man has good posture when his head sits in line with his spine, his chest bulges out above his belly, his pelvis is not tilted, his knees just touch on standing, and his feet do not splay out, nor do his toes turn in. If you visualize a spike passing down from the dome of his head, it would traverse the neck, go through the center of his chest, the back of his belly and, coming out from between his buttocks, it would graze the inner side of his thighs and knees and fall between his ankles. Examples of bad posture are: wry-neck, round shoulders, stooped chest, humped back, tilted pelvis, knock-knees, bow-legs, flat-feet, pigeon-toes. Not all these abnormalities are due to inherited tendencies solely; nor are they acquired by imitation alone. Often they are the result of one's occupation, injuries, disease and sometimes several of those factors work together in the production of a deformity. And again not all manifestations of seemingly bad posture cause pain or serious consequences. But some do and the sooner they are corrected the better. You can't begin too soon. Watch your child stand naked; watch him walk. He must toe out slightly but if he turns his toes too far out or in, try to exemplify correct gait before his eyes. Show him how to stand with your chin tilted up, chest out, tummy in and shoulders and pelvis even. As he grows, guide his imitations, weed out any sense of inferiority or inhibition he might have and, above all, have his eyesight and hearing checked and see that he wears comfortable shoes with even heels.

Supposing your child has already acquired a faulty posture, or you yourself have one. What can you do to correct it? But let

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me insist first that postural defects are inter-related. Flat foot on one side is known to cause tilting of the pelvis and eventually lead to curvature of spine and uneven shoulders. And a child with one defective eye or ear will cock his head to one side and in time acquire wry neck, uneven shoulders and crooked spine. First of all, you or your child must be completely examined and mechanically appraised. Then comes the question of treating yourself. Here I am reminded of an old medical saying: he who tries to treat himself has a fool for a patient and a fool for a doctor. Yet there are people who possess enough determination to carry out a prescribed routine. For these I shall outline a few specific methods of overcoming defective posture. These measures consist of supports to equalize limbs, and exercises to stretch contracted muscles and ligaments and strengthen weak, flabby ones.

A. For the Round Shouldered, Flat Chested:

1. Take deep breathing exercises or take up saxophone or some wind-instrument.
2. Sleep on a resistant mattress.
3. Brace a chair against a wall and place your hands on the arms of the chair, your feet as far away from the chair as possible. Sink your chest between the arms of the chair and then raise it.
4. Lie face down on the floor; interlock your hands behind the back of your head and raise your elbows off the floor.

B. For the Hump or Round Back:

1. Place a pillow on the floor and lie down on it with the hump of your back resting on the pillow.
2. Sleep on a hard mattress and avoid placing a pillow under your head while you are on your back.
3. Lie face down on the floor and interlock your fingers behind your head. Now exercise by raising your chin off the floor.
4. Place your chin at the edge of a chair with your body inclined to the floor; grab the legs of the chair and try to swoop upwards and towards the back of the chair, breathing very deeply.

C. For the Tilted Pelvis:

1. Put a heel pad in your shoe, on the side where your hip droops.
2. Open your legs like the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blades of a scissors, placing the leg on the side of prominent pelvis forward. Fling your torso obliquely back on the side of dropped hip and then forward towards the prominent side.

3. Next squat with your legs open scissorswise so that the buttock on the side of the dropped pelvis rests on the calf while the other foot is planted on the floor and the knee is bent, again throw yourself obliquely back and forth.
4. Now squat on both buttocks and calves; place your hands on your hips and rotate your torso clockwise and counter clockwise.

D. For Flat Feet:

1. Have the inner half of the heel of your shoe raised from 1/8 to 1/6 inch and advanced an inch towards the sole.
2. Stand on your feet and let your knees spread apart throwing the ankles out on the outer edge of the foot.
3. Now toe in and walk pigeon toed on the outer edge of the feet.
4. Or have two boards nailed edgewise so that each inclines along its length towards the floor. Walk back and forth on the slopes of the board.

With the purpose of equalizing unequal limbs by pads or shoe lifts and exercises designed to stretch contracted ligaments and muscles and strengthen weak ones, one can devise corrective measures for almost all the defects of posture. And there are numerous variations for each. The general principles remain the same.

— Ernest K. Harris, M.D.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 14-17

1-B	11-B	21-B	31-C	41-B
2-A	12-A	22-B	32-B	42-A
3-B	13-A	23-A	33-C	43-B
4-C	14-B	24-C	34-A	44-A
5-B	15-C	25-C	35-A	45-A
6-C	16-C	26-B	36-C	46-A
7-A	17-C	27-B	37-C	47-C
8-A	18-A	28-B	38-B	48-A
9-B	19-B	29-B	39-B	49-C
10-A	20-A	30-A	40-C	50-B

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORGOTTEN EXPERIMENTS

Like those in the preceding issue, the experiments described here are not necessarily to be regarded as either proven or disproven. Despite the incalculable effects some of them might have upon scientific thought if pushed to a conclusion, they have simply been relegated to limbo. They have had their brief flare of publicity, and now they await the final test — if it ever comes.

WHEN Charles Lindbergh and Dr. Alexis Carrel made public their experiments with an artificial heart, the resultant publicity brought to light the experiments of Prof. F. A. Andreyef, who, in 1927, had kept the severed head of a dog alive for an hour.

But nothing was ever mentioned about another experiment of that same Professor Andreyef—the experiment in which he brought human fingers, whose owner had been dead a month, back to life. The experiment was conducted at the Moscow University. But the dog head experiment was more dramatic, so it stole the show.

MANY a person has wondered whether, at the moment of death, there was any minute drop in the weight of a human body. André Maurois wrote an intriguing bit of fiction, *Weigher of Souls*, around such an experiment.

However, in 1906 a Dr. McDougall actually devised a sensitive apparatus by which he could record any drop in the weight of a dying person. He experimented with patients at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

He found a small, but definite fall in body weight at approximately the moment of death. Newspapers said he had "weighed the soul." Doctors were skeptical, authorities antagonistic. But the storm blew over without the experiment being accurately checked.

TO TEST whether the human will is capable of exerting physical force, Hereward Carrington, Ph.D., conducted a series of experiments in 1921. He used an instrument designed by Professor Theodore Flournoy of Geneva and Professor Alrutz, and described by the latter in his *Report to the Sixth Congress of Psychology*.

The instrument may be built in half an hour with a few pieces of wood, some string, and a letter scales.

Professor Alrutz reported that the human will had registered pressures equal to a weight of 100 grams (almost four ounces). Carrington claimed values up to one ounce.

Strict experimental conditions were apparently maintained throughout all these experiments, never disproven.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVOLUTION has been more or less a result without a cause since science abandoned belief in the "inheritance of acquired characteristics," which held Darwin's theory together.

A quarter of a century ago, psychologist William McDougall said that he still believed characteristics acquired during life could be transmitted to offspring. Later he went to Duke University and began observation of successive generations of rats, some of whom had acquired a rather startling skill in solving mazes.

Occasionally reports came to the surface that the offspring of his trained rats were able to solve the puzzles easier than those whose parents had never seen mazes. This would go a long way towards putting the foundation back under evolution.

McDougall's death last year and the publicity Duke received from its telepathy experiments brought forth an occasional vague mention of the rats, who are still puzzling over mazes.

JUST before the end of the World War, a physician claimed that he could photograph strange rays which emanated from the human body. On July 24, 1918, he gave a demonstration before a group of scientists.

His subject—picked from the audience—held his hand against his body with fingertips an inch apart. A camera was focused on the hands and a newspaper photographer took the picture, using an infra-red plate. The room was lighted by two 60-watt globes.

The developed plate showed streaks of light between the fingertips. There was not even a suspicion of trickery. The experiment was repeated successfully. Dr. F. F. Strong is the name of the M.D. He is still alive, and is practicing in Hollywood, California.

"SOME of my researches indicate that plants give forth a strange radiation," said Moscow horticulturist Dr. Alexander Gurwitsch.

He selected an onion root, and encased it in a metal tube so that it looked like a tiny cannon with the tip of the root protruding at the firing end.

Then he selected a second root and also covered it with metal, except for a small area on one side. Next he directed the tip of the "sending" root at this uncovered spot on the "receiving" root. The exposure was for three hours. Examination showed cell growth in the area exposed to the root cannon had been greatly speeded.

The experiment was checked and rechecked. In Paris, J. and M. Magrou repeated it with positive results. No more important horticultural research could be imagined, but it is more than a dozen years since Dr. Gurwitsch decided onion roots might upset biology. —R. DEWITT MILLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO GLORY ROAD

WHILE GENERAL BRADDOCK MARCHED ON TO FORT DUQUESNE, DEFEAT SPED FORWARD TO MEET HIM

VICTORY commands the brighter palette: those who are painted from it appear brilliant, charming and worthy. Defeat limns its portraits in gloomier tints and often distorts the features of its subjects to a dismaying degree: perhaps that is why Edward Braddock has been such a convenient scapegoat for several generations of popular historians. "Braddock's Defeat" — hardly an American schoolchild has not been impressed with the title of the military drama that was enacted on the Monongahela River in western Pennsylvania on July 9, 1755.

Variously the British major-general has been pictured as vain, pompous, dissolute, foolish, stubborn, profane and inefficient. When an account does credit him with bravery it usually discounts it with a reference to the colonial aides in his train. It is interesting to speculate what adjectives would have been applied to him had he been victorious. Philadelphia had taken subscriptions in preparation for a great victory celebration — and then news arrived of the rout.

★ ★ ★

Edward Braddock was a product of the British military caste of the eighteenth century. Born in 1695, Braddock was entered in the army as an ensign in his father's regiment, the famous Coldstream Guards, when he was about fifteen years old. With that regiment he served for forty-three years on battlefronts including Dettingen, Culloden, Fontenoy and Bergen-op-Zoon. From the accounts of his contemporaries he was reputed to be a stern disciplinarian and a good soldier with a fine knowledge of military science as practiced on the battlefields of Europe. Furthermore, he achieved a reputation for unquestioned bravery under fire and for disdaining the word "retreat."

When in 1754 the French began to invade the Ohio Valley, it was a reasonable choice for the King

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to send Braddock to the colonies as commander-in-chief of all the British forces there. Promoted to a Major-Generalship, Braddock sailed for America. Not that he was happy over the task assigned to him. Service in the Colonies was far from a sinecure, what with the bickering that always went on with the colonial authorities and with the uncertainties of warfare in the wilderness. But it was his job and no doubt he kept in mind what glories would be his should he succeed in defeating the French.

From the very start things went badly. The regiments that were sent abroad with him were hardly the pick of the line, and to bring them up to full numerical strength they were recruited from whatever riffraff was available. And when on February 20, 1755, Braddock arrived at Alexandria, Virginia, little or nothing had been done in preparation for the campaign. Pennsylvania, Maryland and New York had failed to cooperate. The colonies were still consumed by their own jealousies and it would be twenty years before they would unite for their common defense.

Only two outstanding colonial personalities gave Braddock whole-hearted assistance. One was young George Washington, only twenty-three years old, although veteran of a campaign against the French which had ended in failure. The other helpful colonial was Benjamin Franklin, nearly fifty at this time, and one of the most influential men in the Colonies. Franklin gave what personal assistance he could and tried to persuade the Quakers of the importance of Braddock's campaign.

The longer Braddock made preparations for the march from the sea to the mountains, the more discouraged he himself became. First, there was the problem of the route to his first objective, Fort Duquesne, on the site where Pittsburgh stands today. He was to proceed through Virginia, the longest way to the fort. Part of the fault in choosing this route lay with the Virginians, who wanted the army through their country. Second, from Fort Cumberland he would have to force a road through virgin forest for his army and to this end blazers and choppers were ordered ahead to cut a trail.

Third, Braddock held a council with the royal governors and could not persuade them to help; the people were not aware of their own danger from the encroachment of the French. Fourth, for horses he was given the sorriest nags on the seaboard, for wagons

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the poorest carts. Fifth, he ran into so many difficulties with rascally army contractors that he had to start out without a full commissary and with an inadequate supply of forage. Sixth, the Indian allies promised him never materialized.

On May 9, Braddock finally got to Fort Cumberland. Numerically, he had a powerful command under him. Strategically, he was weak with a long line of communication to protect and an unknown terrain to cross. Prudence dictated that the army should not march in one section. On June 7, Sir Peter Halket moved out with a body of men. On June 8, Colonel Dunbar went with several companies. On the 10th Braddock left with the main army.

At a snail's pace they went forward. In the wilderness and across the mountains it was difficult to go more than four or five miles a day. Neither the wagons nor the horses stood the march and the salt meat diet of the soldiers soon had even the youthful Washington down with fever. So slowly did they progress, often making not more than three miles in a day that Washington suggested dividing the army in two and proceeding on Fort Duquesne with a flying column. Braddock acted on this suggestion. But by the third of July they were still forty miles from their objective.

At Fort Duquesne, drama of another sort was unfolding. So certain had the French been that it was impossible to march an army across the mountains that they had reduced the garrison there to about three hundred men. Then when Contrecoeur, the commandant, got word of an army seven times the size of his force advancing against him he immediately sent for reinforcements. But the enemy was already too close and Contrecoeur prepared to capitulate under the best terms he could get.

On July 7, Braddock's army was at the fork of Turtle Creek, nearly within striking distance. Even Washington thought the danger from the enemy was "trifling." In Philadelphia preparations were being made to celebrate the victory. Franklin alone demurred. "The events of war are subject to great uncertainty," he said wisely.

To avoid an arduous journey in rough country, Braddock determined, with the advice of his aides, to ford the Monongahela River, march north to within eight miles of Fort Duquesne, and then recross and hurry forward to the attack. Lieutenant-Colonel Gage

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was sent to hold both fords for fear the French would attempt to obstruct the passage.

Before daybreak on the ninth the first section of the army advanced, the second division under Dunbar following slowly some distance behind. They crossed the first ford at eight o'clock and advanced to the second ford. At two o'clock in the afternoon Braddock crossed the second ford safely. On to Fort Duquesne! But Fate was running toward them.

★ ★ ★

On July 8, Beaujeu, a captain in the Fort Duquesne garrison under Contrecoeur, asked the commandant for permission to go out and attempt to stall Braddock: Of course, they could not hope to check him for long but perhaps he could be held a day longer—till reinforcements would arrive at the fort. Contrecoeur gave his consent reluctantly but he would not permit Beaujeu to take many men on a venture he deemed foolhardy. Beaujeu then tried to stir up the Indians to accompany him. On the 9th, he finally succeeded in shaming several bands of savages to go with him—or he would go alone. If they hurried they could hold the second ford and perhaps stall Braddock across the river. But as they came down toward the Monongahela there, on the high road between two ravines, marched the redcoated grenadiers. In dismay Beaujeu halted: he, not Braddock, was the surprised one. Then desperately he gave the signal to seek cover and open fire.

Braddock's men greatly outnumbered Beaujeu's party but here the deciding factor was a knowledge of the terrain. The French knew the ground, the British did not. As soon as they sighted the enemy the redcoats fired, thereby throwing away their first charge, for the musket-balls fell short. At Beaujeu's signal the French and Indians scattered into two ravines alongside the road. From the brush and from behind trees they now poured in a deadly crossfire. Bravely the redcoats and the Virginians tried to fight back but their enemy was hidden and they were exposed.

Immediate retreat would have been their only salvation but Braddock had not marched for a month to give way at the first shot. He tried to re-form his lines. But here European battle tactics were of no avail. The redcoats were too easy a mark for the French and Indian rifles. Furthermore, even when the Virginians did get behind trees, as Washington desired, they fared no better for they had the enemy on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two sides. Retreat would have been the only solution. But who could see that on the field of battle?

The British regulars, not the pick of the royal regiments at that, did not stand up well. At last, himself pierced with a ball through the lung, his best officers dead, Braddock gave the word to sound the retreat. At the call the battle turned to a disorderly rout as the regulars fled. The army came up to where Dunbar was still advancing slowly with a train of artillery. Bewildered by the demoralized behavior of the troops, Dunbar at once spiked his guns and continued the flight back—back to Cumberland.

Braddock himself was so mortified by the turn of fortune that he is said to have pleaded with George Croghan, the trader and Indian agent, for a pistol to end his life. He lived four days after the defeat. Washington was by his side, taking orders and giving counsel. "Who would have thought it?" the dying general said. No one could have thought it, no one had thought it: a turn of the wheel.

"We shall better know how to deal with them another time," said Braddock. Another time—with General Forbes in 1758 and with a better road—the French were compelled to blow up their fort and leave the Ohio Valley forever. But this time, death closed the account.

On the 13th of July, Braddock expired from his wounds. He was buried in the middle of the road near Great Meadows, not far from Fort Necessity where young Washington had met defeat in an earlier campaign. In the morning the army continued its flight and in its march trampled down the general's grave to conceal it from hostile Indian eyes.

But the defeat had proven one point: the British could cut roads and could cross the mountains in large numbers. Awakened by Braddock's defeat the colonies became alive to their dangers and to the necessity of self-defense. The vigilance to which they were aroused did not halt with the end of the French and Indian War. The colonies were to remain alert—as the Crown learned at Lexington in 1775. And when the war was over settlers began to pour across the mountains, many of them utilizing the same road on which Braddock had gone down to defeat. It had been no glory road for the general, but for the settlers it became a road to new lands, new freedom: the New West. —Philip Paul Daniels

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FUN WITH FIGURES

IF YOU WERE THE DUNCE OF YOUR MATH CLASS, THIS MAY THROW YOU BUT IT WON'T BE FATAL

NUMERICAL facility is believed by some leading psychologists to be a primary mental ability—that is, a component of general intelligence. No one can deny that it is an advantage to be handy with figures, since in this modern age we all are forced to use them even if only occasionally. Allow yourself just fifteen minutes and test your facility with numbers by trying the following fifteen questions. If you get twelve or more correct within the fifteen-minute time limit, you can be proud of the way you get along with numbers. Use scratch paper—plenty of it. Answers will be found on page 68.

1. A man took steps three feet long, but when he went up a slippery hill he slid back two steps for every three he took forward. How many forward steps did he take while going fifteen feet up this hill? Answer.....
2. A boy grew four inches in 1932, but for each following year he grew just half as much as he did the preceding year. What was his combined growth in 1933, 1934, and 1935? Answer.....
3. How much did the boy described in the above question grow in 1936? Answer.....
4. What combination of seven jugs will hold 6 pints?
   .... half-pints .... pints
   .... quarts ....gallons
5. A racing motor boat after it reached 20 mph doubled its gasoline consumption when its speed was increased by one-half. At 20 mph the boat ran 8 miles to the gallon. How many miles to the gallon would it get at 30 mph?
   Answer.....

In the next five questions each series of numbers is in a certain order. Discover this order and write in the two numbers that should come next.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6. ¼ ½ 1 2 4 8 (..) (..)
7. −¾ −½ −¼ 0 ¼ ½ (..) (..)
8. −10 −5 −5 0 0 5 (..) (..)
9. 1 1½ 3 3½ 7 7½ (..) (..)
10. 8 4 2 1 ½ ¼ (..) (..)
11. Your car will average 15 miles to the gallon on a trip. On your trip next week you will travel 750 miles. The grade of gasoline you burn costs 18c a gallon. What amount will you spend for gasoline on your trip? Answer.....
12. A friend radios you from a ship saying that he is 200 miles from port and they are steaming 20 miles an hour. He asks you to meet him. You are 150 miles from the port, and you will average 50 miles an hour on your drive there. How many hours will pass before you have to leave to meet your friend? Answer.....
13. What combination of six jugs will hold two gallons?
.... half-pints .... pints
....quarts ....gallons
14. Jones' son is four feet tall. Mr. Jones is one and a half times as tall as his son. Mrs. Jones is ten inches shorter than her husband. Their daughter is just half as tall as her mother. How tall is the daughter? Answer.....
15. It is 200 miles from Cederberg to Allenville. A man going from Cederberg to Allenville stops every time he has halved his distance to Allenville. How many stops has he made when he has reached a point 25 miles from Allenville? Answer.....

—William James Giese

ADDING TO DISILLUSION

Man may be a failure but, just to be different, let's compare our animal friends unfavorably to man for a change:

Squirrels are hoarders, and unless they stop they will ruin business.

Elephants never forget. So what? This simply means that they clutter up their minds with useless facts, and very seldom accomplish what they should, considering their size.

If foxes are so smart, why do most of them inhabit country devoted to fox-hunting? I bet *that* stumps you.

Dogs are faithful to Man, but on second thought if we all admit that Man is no good, that doesn't make dogs so wonderful.

Horses may work hard, but most of them end up broke.

As for the wise owl, keeping late hours will eventually undermine his health, and make him extinct.

—Peter Nesbit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SO SAYS THE LAW

Things Blackstone Never Knew

ONCE a man could be hanged for failing to pay his debts. Then came a period when he could be jailed indefinitely until he paid up. But today, thanks to a recent ruling of a Federal Circuit Court of Appeals (April 10, 1939), the American debtor can fight back. For when Albert B. Clark complained that several severe attacks of blood pressure suffered by him were due to a barrage of demanding, dunning letters, he was held by a Federal Court of Appeals to have a good cause of action for damages against the firm responsible for the mail and its consequent ill effect on his health. "Lawyers have begun to learn from doctors and psychologists," the decision read in part, "that fear influences every organ and tissue."

A DOG on which no tax has been paid is not property and therefore cannot be stolen, ruled Recorder Granberry Tucker of Hertford, North Carolina. And the defendant was freed. But up spoke Prosecutor Charles Johnson, "This dog was wearing a collar—he took that!" And the man acquitted of the theft of a dog was found guilty of stealing its collar. "Twenty-five dollars and costs," said Judge Tucker.

WHILE Joe Jojola and James G. Cobb were serving a short sentence for drunkenness in the Los Angeles city jail, friends smuggled in some wine. Enough, in fact, to make them drunk again. But when the police wanted to bring a second charge of intoxication against the two prisoners, Municipal Judge Harold B. Landredth said "No." Ruled the judge, "They weren't drunk on private property, on public property, or in public view." Having broken no law, they could not be held. And the charge was dismissed. Making it wise, it seems, to get into jail before doing any serious drinking in Los Angeles.

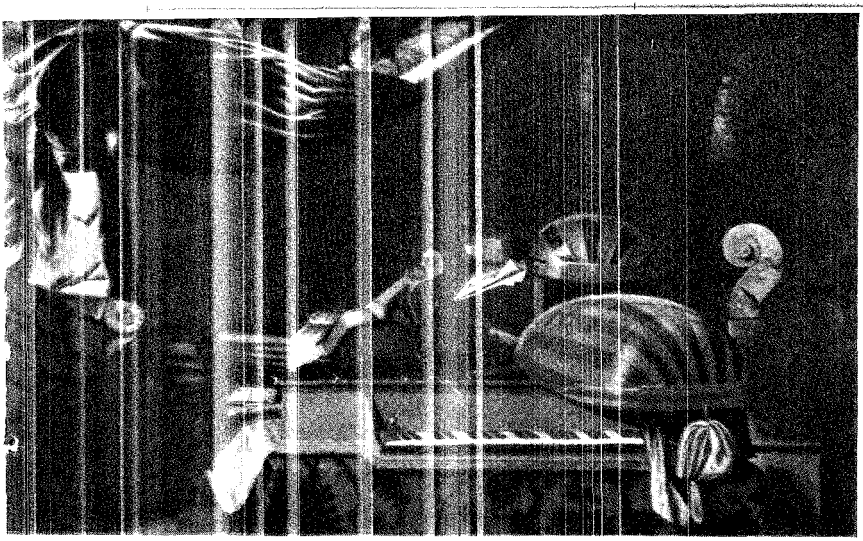
—ARTHUR R. CHILDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOURCES OF MODERN PAINTING—II

REGARDLESS of whether it would be humanly possible for an artist to paint a picture without being influenced by what has gone before, certainly it would be foolish for him to attempt to do so. To maintain himself entirely free from tradition would be to place himself in a vacuum. The purpose, however, of the reproductions on the following pages, assembled by the Boston Institute of Modern Art, is not to prove that our contemporary painters are imitators of the past. If anything, their work is more creative than the older paintings, more dissimilar than they are similar. But there is still the art of the past: it is inevitably the foundation upon which the art of today is being built. A change takes place, to be sure, just as a bricklayer changes a wall when he adds a new brick to it, but the element of historical continuity can and should be perceived for a fuller appreciation of modern painting.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, HARTFORD, CONN.

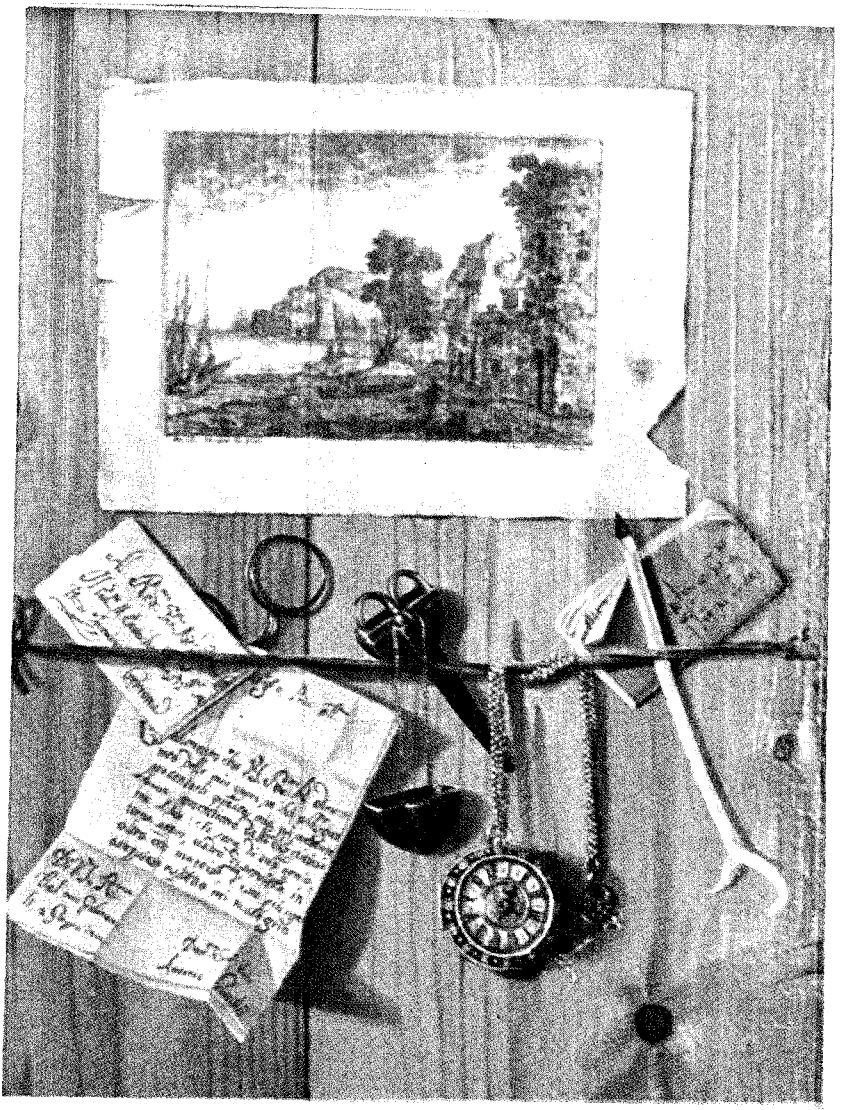
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS BY BATTISTA BETTERA (XVII CENTURY)

Setting themselves the problem of working the geometrical shapes of musical instruments into an effective design, both Bettera and Severini proceeded in much the same direction. But the evolution of art, or at least its mutation, is evidenced in the modern painter's lighter touch and an approach less slavishly imitative of nature.

STILL LIFE BY GINO SEVERINI (BORN 1883)

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

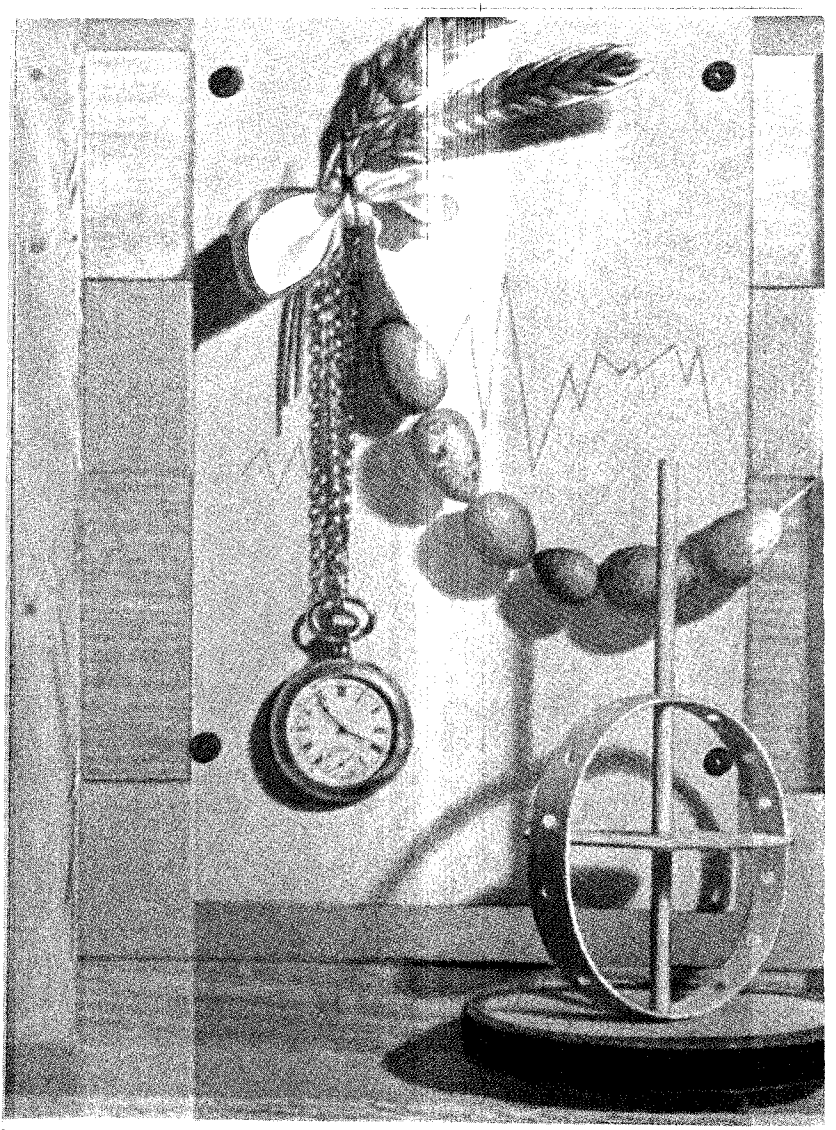


COLL OF MR AND MRS. R. KIRK ASKEW, JR., NEW YORK

STILL LIFE BY ANTONIO GIANLISI (XVIII CENTURY)

An unschooled glance at Roy's *Daylight Saving* would convince the beholder that certainly nothing like this had ever been perpetrated in the good old days of painting. On the contrary, as Gianlisi's oil and many another old work show, this has been a not uncommon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

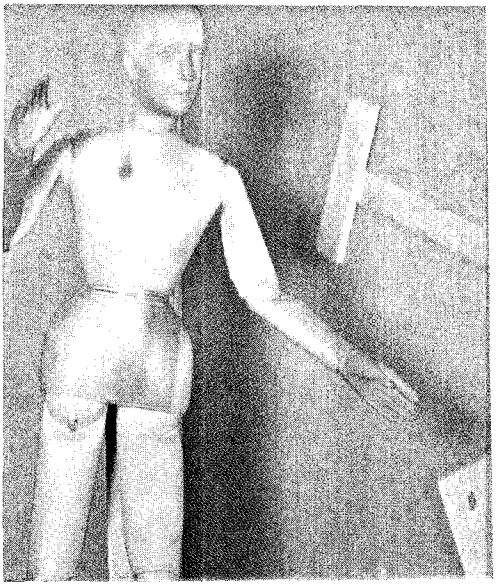


MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK

DAYLIGHT SAVING BY PIERRE ROY (BORN 1880)

type of painting for centuries. The chief similarity lies in the attempt to cheat the eye into believing in the actual existence of painted things. The distinction is in the more or less Surrealistic arrangement of improbable objects in the contemporary work.

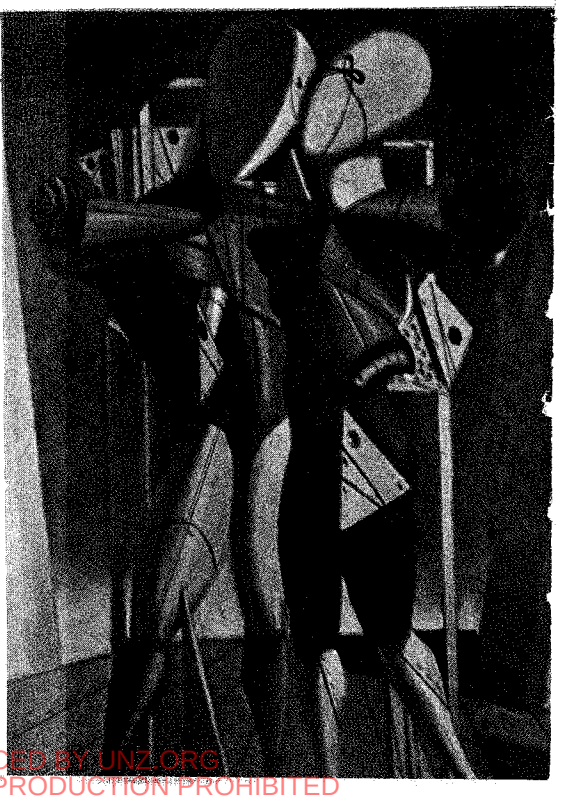
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LENT BY H. R. GIGER, LTD., BOSTON

A PAINTER'S MANIKIN

The occasional curious figures in modern paintings, such as those in Chirico's *Hector and Andromache*, seem totally unrelated to anything that has gone before. Actually, these incredible creatures have an unromantically realistic basis in the wooden models found in painters' studios. This need not detract from the glory of the modernist. It is a tribute to his sanity to know that he did not think these creatures up in his head and, at the same time, an encomium to his imagination to perceive how far he is able to carry the mundane manikin into the realm of grotesquerie.



HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE BY GIORGIO DE CHIRICO (BORN 1888)

COLL. OF WALTER P. CHRYSLER, JR., NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HAVE YOU LEARNED TO LISTEN?

HEARTFELT INDICTMENT OF THE WORSE OF THE TWO CONVERSATIONAL EXTREMES

THE U.S.A. has become the nation of the unfinished sentence. We don't listen. Conversation, defined as "the speaking of two or more persons alternately with each other," has become either a monologue or a machine-gun fire of fragmentary phrases. Try it sometime in a crowd. At your next cocktail party or dinner. Start to tell an experience or an anecdote, try to express an opinion. Stop in the middle. No one will pay the slightest attention. They won't even notice that you have stopped talking. The babble of Babel will flow right on.

Not that what you have to say is uninteresting or that you express yourself badly. It is merely a demonstration of the fact that people are much more interested in what concerns them than in what concerns you. They'd rather hear their own voice than yours. Rather instruct than be instructed. It's a human failing most noticeable in the big cities where life is so rapid everyone is afraid of missing something, particularly an opportunity to talk.

There are some shy people, of course. Many are too shy and inarticulate for their own good. There is no virtue in being a clam. But there is a middle road, and the more eager exponents of volubility have all overlooked the golden gift of being a good listener.

The other night at a dinner party I sat on one side of my hostess, a very charming stranger sat at the other. Neither of us got a chance to use more than monosyllables. The lady, a perfect example of the "having-ears-they-hear-not" type, kept up a constant flow of chatter. It continued after dinner in the drawing room. I couldn't help being amused. My vis-à-vis had an engaging smile of approval. He nodded at just the right time. A perfect listener. After he had gone my hostess turned to me with a radiant smile, "Isn't Mr. Blank charming? I never met

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him before, you know, he's a friend of my husband's, but he certainly is one of the nicest men I ever met. And so intelligent!" He'd been intelligent enough to listen. He'd given his hostess a perfect evening. Is there any simpler way of being popular? I haven't found one.

Good listening isn't a rarity only in social life. On the stage, where actors are supposed to be trained to listen, too many of them merely have one ear open for their cue. Their mind is teetering for the moment when they will hear the music of their own dulcet tones. And they wonder why they don't get leading parts. Years ago I witnessed a performance of a fascinating one-act play, *The Magical City*. At least the way it was done made it fascinating to me. In it was the small part of a poet, played by a young man I'd never seen. He wasn't particularly handsome. But what struck me immediately was the way he listened. When spoken to he fairly hung on the other actor's words. When not spoken to he followed the dialogue with the absorption of a man whose life depended on not missing a syllable. How he built up the other actors' parts, how he gave vitality to every scene! That young man will go places, I said to myself. I looked at my program. The name was strange to me then, but has become a household word since. The name was Roland Young. I wish we had more actors like him.

I wish we had more listeners everywhere. Do I? On second thought, no. Let them babble. Let the few of us who do listen have leisure to enjoy the flavor of our food, sip our wine and inhale its aroma, while others provide the babble. Let us continue to draw credit for knowing much more than we do merely because we keep our mouths shut. It's a pleasant fraternity. Want to join? Come on in. All you have to do is listen. —MAURICE MARKS

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 59-60

1. 15 steps
   or
   2 half pints
   5 pints
   0 quarts
   0 gallons
2. 3½ inches
3. ¼ of an inch
4. 4 half pints
   2 pints
   1 quart
   0 gallons
5. 4 miles to the gallon
6. 16 32
7. ¾ 1
8. 5 10
9. 15 15½
10. ⅛ 1/16
11. $9
12. 7 hours
13. 0 half pints
    2 pints
    3 quarts
    1 gallon
14. 2 feet 7 inches tall
15. 3 times

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARABLE OF THE BLIND BEGGARS

WHEN A REPORTER IS HOISTED BY HIS OWN PETARD, IT ISN'T NEWS BUT POETIC JUSTICE

THE young reporter's personality was a pleasant mixture of contrasting human qualities. He was not "cultured," but he had a quick mind. He had a good dose of evil cynicism, the kind that is necessary in the struggles of life. And still one could call him a good fellow because of the direct inclination to benevolence which circled in his soul like the warm gulf stream in the northern seas.

He had a beautiful Burberry topcoat and swank silk shirts. At first sight one could take him for a well-to-do man, whereas in fact he was in debt up to his ears. He had absolutely nothing to do. He walked up and down the boulevards staring at women, at shop windows, simply waiting to get hungry so that he would have an excuse to go into one of the neighboring restaurants for lunch.

This reporter once somehow bumped into a down-at-the-heel man who was wearing blue glasses. He was blind. In the heaving traffic of a great metropolis one can often see blind men walking alone on the street, tapping the sidewalk before them with their canes, asking for help only when they have to cross the street through the dangerous stream of automobiles.

Of course a blind man can't see. He takes a shot at picking out from the crowd somebody into whom he has just bumped.

That's what happened in this case. The blind man and the reporter bumped into each other. The blind man made his request in a whining tone, to which the reporter naturally consented, since it is impossible to refuse such services. They joined arms. The reporter tenderly helped the fellow down from the sidewalk.

They had hardly taken five steps when the blind man began to cry. He had no tears, but by the writhing of his mouth one could see that he barely restrained himself from breaking into loud sobbing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why are you crying?" the reporter asked a little nervously.

"I am so ashamed of myself," said the blind man. "I am always dependent on people's charity. I have probably interfered with your plans too."

"That's all right. I am only too glad to do it," said the reporter soothingly.

But the blind man kept on sniveling. And while they crossed the street he gave a nutshell version of the troubles which had befallen him in addition to his blindness. Poverty, sickness; his wife had just died; his little orphans were waiting for him at home with hungry mouths in a barren room.

The reporter dreaded such heart-rending affairs and he would have liked to leave, but since he couldn't very well have left the blind man among the charging cars, he simply had to listen to the laments which would have done more than justice to Biblical Job.

Finally they arrived at the other side of the street, and at the leave-taking the blind man asked for a little contribution. The reporter reached into his pocket and gave him a *pengö*. One *pengö* is a lot of money: one can buy himself a lunch with it. However, one couldn't give less to this poor fellow, who wasn't a common beggar to whom one can throw a copper coin. He was an acquaintance, almost a friend, who had just narrated the sorrowful story of his life.

Afterwards the reporter went to a tobacco shop. He bought cigars and made telephone calls. Then, continuing his peregrinations on the same boulevard, ten minutes later he caught sight of the blind man again.

This time the old fellow had just bumped into an elderly lady. He was just addressing her. Already she was escorting him across the street. Even from far one could see that he was crying and talking. On the other side of the street the lady opened up her purse and gave money to the blind man.

This aroused the bloodhound in the reporter. He carefully began to follow the blind man, and of course found that the fellow was constantly picking up new people to have himself ferried across the street. Then someone else would ferry him back. He would cry, talk, and finally touch each of his benefactors. After the eighth zigzag, the blind man apparently considered his business day concluded. His gait became more elastic; he pocketed his blue glasses and hung his cane on his arm. He turned into the next side street and entered a popular little café.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The reporter watched through the glass window to see what was going to happen. He saw his blind man order beer, light a cigaret, and then begin playing billiards with a man who had the appearance of an artisan. He certainly seemed to have good eyes. He played the difficult quints and the precise doubles with the exactitude of an engineer.

At first the reporter was angry. Then he began to feel amused about the affair, and finally burst out laughing. So the blind man wasn't blind. Everything he had said about poverty, death and starving orphans was no doubt a lie. The somber story found a gay end. This astute old scoundrel had realized the best method for creating a psychological condition suitable for begging. First he would ask for the kind of service which cannot be decently refused. Then he would cling to his victim like an oyster to a rock. He would utilize the period of time necessary to cross the street. That was the essence of it. Simple but neat. Even a flea needs a bit of time before he can bite.

All this was very amusing. So the reporter went home and wrote up the adventure. The colorful, funny story about the blind man appeared on the following day in the *Morning Herald*, which was the most popular morning scandal sheet of the city.

Some time passed. After half a year at another point of the city the reporter bumped into a blind man again.

The first blind man was old, faded and sly like a cross between a pickpocket and a poorhouse inmate. The new blind man was stocky, short, and a little fat. It is always a horrible sight when misfortune descends upon a fat man. This blind man, too, wanted to cross to the other side of the street. The reporter hesitated for a second. But then he took the blind man by the arm after all. Because of superstition, because of benevolence. Then there was Statistics. He couldn't believe that he would again fall into the hands of a blind man with eyes like a hawk.

The affair was a perfect reconstruction of the first encounter. Upon stepping down from the curb the fat blind man hurriedly revealed the horrible troubles of his eternal night, and upon reaching the opposite sidewalk he asked for a *pengö*. The reporter handed over the money. But this time he began snooping at once.

He didn't have to wait long. As soon as he could feel himself safe the stocky blind man pushed his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dark glasses up on his forehead. He pulled a racing form out of his pocket, stopped at a corner, and began to read with absorbed attention.

The reporter stepped up behind the swindler, placed a heavy hand on his shoulder, and said to him, enraged:

"So you're not blind, you rascal!"

The fat man turned around. He saw at once that he had been caught redhanded. He accepted his fate and reached into his pocket with a resigned gesture:

"No, I'm not blind. Here's your *pengö*."

The moralist got the better of the young reporter.

"All right, keep the money. You've gypped me out of it, you damned swindler. Say, aren't you ashamed of yourself to beg when you are a perfectly healthy man? Aren't you ashamed of yourself to make a business of arousing sympathy?"

"Yes, I'm ashamed of myself, sir. But what shall I do? Life's very hard," said the fat fellow with sad sincerity.

The reporter secretly agreed with the swindler. "Life is certainly difficult," he said to himself.

"What you are doing is dishonest—going around deceiving people and begging! Why don't you work? Why don't you use your head for some kind of honest occupation? I can see that you've got brains."

The beggar sighed.

"I am not a clever man by any means, sir. I am an unfortunate, stupid idiot and I have never succeeded in anything. Do you think I thought up this good trick I use? Not at all! I got the whole idea from a newspaper article I read a couple of months ago in the *Daily Herald*."

The reporter was flabbergasted. He felt a little proud and a little sentimental that a queer arabesque of life had thus set him to face the result of his own work.

"And can you make a living out of this idea?"

"Yes, sir. Rather nicely," answered the beggar. "Please observe that I am not ragged, and I must confess that I am not even hungry."

The reporter laughed.

"All right, beat it!"

The reporter looked with some satisfaction after the fat figure. He felt something like friendship for his pupil. After all, it was he who had put bread into this man's hands, and we usually love those whom we have done a good turn.

—SÁNDOR HUNYADY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TERRORS OF BEING EFFICIENT

THERE IS A POINT WHERE EFFICIENCY ENDS AND MAKING EXISTENCE A NUISANCE BEGINS

AT LEAST once a day I feel that I should pause to thank the Lord that I'm not efficient.

I know that if I were efficient, I would never have any fun.

A friend of mine, a New York advertising man, is efficient and, in consequence, has a terrible time. He can't call a minute his own. Even in the simplest routine chores he feels obliged to wrinkle his brows and be efficient.

When he buys gasoline for his automobile, he makes a note of the number of gallons and date in a little red book. Likewise, if he has to change a tire on the road, he records the speedometer reading and number of the tire. At the end of a year he can take these records and figure out not only how far he rode on a gallon of gasoline, on an average, but exactly how many miles each tire has traveled.

I sometimes ask him: What good does it all do? But he just shakes his head and says if I were really efficient I would understand.

In his home he has brown socks, black socks and fancy colored socks each in a separate little bin in the middle drawer. He uses socks or shirts in regular order and knows how long they will last.

On the door of his wardrobe is an elaborate chart to show when his suits have been pressed. Pasted on the chart is a sample of each suit. When a suit has been worn he makes a mark after the corresponding sample. But as soon as the suit has been pressed, he makes a cross through the original mark, to let himself know that the suit is again ready for wear.

In other words, no act is too trivial for him to use it as a means for putting himself to bother and making life a nuisance. It makes me feel uncomfortable even to think about such efficiency.

Of course it isn't efficiency at all, but just a plan for wasting time. It's a fine idea for a man who can't think of anything else to do. —FREDERICK CHARTERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THREE VIGNETTES

I

NO SONG

She never wrote a song for him:
  She never tied her heart
With little ribbons made of words
  For him to pull apart.

She closed the windows and the
  door
  To shut him from the place:
And walked her solitary house,
  Surrounded by his face.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

WORDS IN A TAVERN

In an oaken vessel pour,
Cold and tasteless, pale as lust,
Now at last the essential dust:
Take it through the broken door.

Let not every comer think
Custom's to be served the first.
This must quench a deeper thirst:
Give it to the earth to drink.

III

CASEMENT

We have not caught in any sea
So huge a whale as Time,
Nor salvaged out of sovereignty
One minnow so sublime.

The world's wide window-ledges front
On oceans spawning stars:
But earth affirms the guttural grunt
Of swine at pigsty bars.

—WILLIAM STEPHENS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ORIGINAL IN-AND-OUTER

IF ANYONE EVER BREAKS THE BONDS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD, HOUDINI WILL DO THE TRICK

HOUDINI!—the trade-mark of the greatest escape artist of all time—defied the constraint of strait jackets, shackles, handcuffs, prison cells, boxes in which, trussed, he was cast into the sea, and always won to freedom. He might have become the envied of all criminals, since no jail could have held him. Instead he elected to mystify the world as a magician. The head man in any field needs no given name. Most wizards modestly added to their names—Carter the Great—Hermann the Great—the list is long of personally coined greatness; Houdini never needed more than—Houdini. In his case the answer to how he did his tricks may have lived after him—but those who claim to know the combinations cannot duplicate them: there is something missing, obviously the master himself.

The apex of Harry Houdini's career was reached when he caused a five-ton elephant, poised over a huge tank containing water (to show the impossibility of a trap door) to disappear from the stage of the Hippodrome. After running the gamut of illusions there was only one thing left for Houdini to do—return from the grave. He did just that, in Hollywood, in a private try-out that had one performance only. Imprisoned in a large coffin, that would fold inward at the foot, he cautioned his assistant to throw sand, loosely, on the trap-door end. The cover of the coffin hammered on, lowered into a regulation grave, it wasn't noticed that sand was shoveled in on one end, heavy dirt on the other. He had air space for a few minutes. A small, flat oxygen tank, with a rubber tube, was hidden under his shirt, to be used as he struggled upward.

The assistant stood with a stop watch. He was always really the man to watch; Houdini ever so centered attention upon himself

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the aid's invaluable movements were unhindered. Five minutes passed — ten — twelve. The sand moved. Houdini's head came through, eyes closed, mouth spitting and coughing. Breathing heavily, weak from the struggle, he half fell out of the hole he had made burrowing to the surface.

"I'll never try that again," he gasped. "I miscalculated on the weight of the earth—it was terrific."

Houdini was mistaken. The coffin was among the props with his production when he died in Detroit. He was shipped to New York and buried in it at Machpelah Cemetery at Cypress Hills, leaving behind him a name that has a meaning. My dictionary has: "Houdinize: To release or extricate oneself, from confinement, bonds, and the like, by wriggling out." That wriggling out sounds easy enough. At any rate *doing a Houdini* stands for breaking out, making an escape, in phrasing understood by everyone.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle insisted that Harry Houdini was really a medium, and that the solution to his escapes was dematerialization. J. Hewat McKenzie, President of the British College of Psychic Science, agreed, claiming that his mystic strength shot the bolts, cast the shackles, transported him from in-to-out. The deep, wide-set eyes, and the peculiarly sinister expression, gave him the legend of demonic control, among many grown folks, and youngsters who saw him.

For years Houdini lived on West 113th Street, next door to our family physician, Dr. Henderson. Two of the doctor's sons had been taken to see the magician perform. They brooded over the fact that he worked his spells only a wall away from them. Why, with crude tools they could cut through, watch him brewing black magic.

One night Houdini was seated in his library, with additions to his collection of old show-bills. Books fell from a shelf. Plaster spattered on the floor. Through a yawning hole he saw two pale faces, burning eyes. After an explanation he put the lads at their ease. Indeed he was so highly complimented that he did for them a special entertainment of sleight of hand—making everything possible appear and disappear—except their punishment —due when the damage was learned by their parents.

Myth must always show the hero as victorious—that is under-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stood—and Houdini never bowed to defeat—as far as the public knew; yet he did lose out in accepting a defy in a small British playhouse. He had escaped from cans filled with water, and milk; his tormentor insisted upon filling one with ale. Ah, what a triumph of John Barleycorn. The fumes were overpowering. Only partly out of the jar, he was slipping back when an assistant came to his rescue. He never cared for mention of his escape from drowning in ale.

During Sarah Bernhardt's last tour of this country she witnessed a performance of Houdini's art at a vaudeville theatre. It was a natural for the press agents of both artists. The great actress was asked to attend his outdoor stunt, at the water front, the following morning. She was more than impressed when, nude as the law allowed, Houdini was searched for a hidden pick-lock. The soles of his feet escaped scrutiny. At his right heel, hidden by skin-colored wax, was his tool. Shackled, he was nailed into a box, and it was cast into the river, at the end of a long rope. In twenty seconds Houdini was calmly floating on the surface. The box was hauled in, seemingly unbroken and still bound with cord.

Sarah was convinced that Houdini possessed supernatural powers.

"My dear man, you can do anything," she insisted, "and it is little that I ask—only a single marvel—bring back to me my missing leg and its use. Oh, my gratitude, Monsieur Houdini, it will be boundless if you will grant me that favor."

Houdini was forced to confess, reluctantly, that she asked something that was beyond his power.

Houdini's first experience with the so-called spirit world took place in the company of a fellow magician, Thurston, and his manager, Jack Jones. They visited a medium, Madame Palladino, who had promised to bring back the spirit of Houdini's father, after going into a trance.

"Ah, this is your dear father," —came the deep voice from her lips—"my son, it pleases me much to know that you have made a great success. I have been watching your career with the greatest of interest and pride."

"Hello, Pop," yelled Houdini, "when did you learn to speak English?"

His father, Dr. Mayer Samuel Weiss, an Austrian, had never mastered the language. The medium, in some confusion,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finally insisted that Dr. Weiss had lessons in the other world.

"Tell him I would rather he speak to me in Hebrew," retorted Houdini.

That silenced Madame Palladino.

Houdini shook his head, sadly. After his mother's death he did seek out mediums, hoping to receive a message from her that he could believe was genuine, but he was disgusted with the fraud he encountered on the part of those who grew fat peddling delusions to the bereaved. He exposed hundreds of deals in the unseen—for seen money—duplicated, through his own means, all phenomena mediums insisted had spirit origin.

And yet, there must have been a tiny doubt in Houdini's mind—a doubt large enough for him to leave behind a sealed message with Mrs. Beatrice Houdini, his wife and partner in work for three decades, a message which he swore he would attempt to come back and read, if it might be possible. Such a test would prove something. Neither he nor William James, who left a message in a certain safe for the same purpose, have returned from the spirit world, in so far as is known. But it is not too late—Houdini never admitted defeat. . . .

That was doubtless because of his hard schooling in his chosen profession. Have you forgotten—the magician always used to be called Professor?

"It was after I picked up a second hand copy of *The Memoirs of Robert-Houdin* that the transformation of a young Austrian named Ehrich Weiss into Houdini took place. With the addition of 'i' to Houdin I became Houdini, thinking I thus followed in the footsteps of the greatest of magicians. Harry had a reckless swing to it so—Harry Houdini."

Harry Houdini and I sat in the manager's office, upstairs in the Alvin Theatre, Pittsburgh. Always on guard with newspaper interviewers, I was just a press agent — of another attraction — who wrote for the sheets only for my meat and drink, particularly drink. Our talk was about showmanship.

"Yes, it was after the usual home-town exhibitions as an amateur magician that I became just another professional. I couldn't have been a very good one, for I started at Kohl and Middelton's Dime Museum in Chicago—and returned to it after years of struggle — still lacking what it takes for triumph in my line—showmanship. There on a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

square stand I did countless shows a day, the Bearded Lady on one side of me, the Tattooed Man on the other. The salary was pitiful.

"Martin Beck had the right idea, after engaging me, for ninety dollars a week, on the Orpheum Circuit. Cut out the old stuff, specialize on handcuff and box escapes. I followed his suggestion, but it was the lift of defying police chiefs and local jugs, getting out of handcuffs brought forth by anyone, and cells in which I was shackled, that really started me into the big time.

"I never became a headliner until, in desperation, I went abroad. There I must have suddenly caught onto showmanship, after long groping. I learned that it was not what you did—but how you did it. I astounded the head of Scotland Yard when I threw off his pet darbies in less than a minute — but what would that have got me if the press didn't get his statement? So with my famous escapes from handcuffs and chains fixed by a group of Krupp experts, that break-out from the dreaded Siberian Van in Russia, from which no nihilist had ever won freedom. Lacking publicity these feats wouldn't have meant so much to me. I returned to this country demanding and getting a thousand dollars a week."

Houdini stopped on that statement. At another time when I tried to get him back to the show business, he would talk of nothing except his campaign of exposure of fraudulent mediums. He always made a great point of the fact that he could duplicate anything done under supposed spirit control.

Early in the year of his death Houdini succeeded in interesting President Coolidge in a bill introduced by Senator Copeland, aiming to stop the criminal deceptions of mediums.

The irony, if not the paradox of Houdini's campaign, lies in the fact that, now the master showman is gone, many spiritualists claim him as a great medium who refused to admit his control, posing as a magician. Indeed, his spirit has come back, many times, supposedly, at the request of mediums—ever saying it is hard to break out of the spirit world.

An admirer can hardly believe that, for Houdini had unsurpassed experiences as an in-and-outer. If it is possible to slip back from the other world to this one we may expect Houdini, the king of all escapers, to do the trick. His beloved wife, Mrs. Beatrice Houdini, is still waiting. —JOHN WILSTACH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SHOESTRING HEADLINE

STARTING WITH A NOTION, DAVID LAWRENCE WOUND UP WITH A BRILLIANT NEWS SCOOP

WHEN William Jennings Bryan suddenly resigned as Secretary of State because of disagreement with President Wilson over policies, just prior to our entrance into the World War, the first reporter in Washington to discover the sensational news was David Lawrence, then employed by the Associated Press. Here is how he found it out:

He had gone over to the State Department on an errand and while walking along a corridor there passed an acquaintance connected with the department. This acquaintance usually spoke to him cordially, but on this occasion seemed preoccupied and did not notice him. Lawrence's sharp reportorial instinct led him to wonder what the man had on his mind. So he hailed him and inquired:

"Do you know anything in particular?"

The man hesitated, caught Lawrence's eye, and felt himself bound to make an admission:

"Well, there *is* a rumor going around that would interest you, but I am not at liberty to tell you what it is."

That was all the information Lawrence succeeded in coaxing out of the man. He began to ponder over what the rumor might be. Not trouble with Germany, for they were just sending a note to Germany, and there could be no trouble until Germany had at least sent a reply. Maybe they were going to ask for Ambassador Bernstorff's recall. But that was improbable while they were in the midst of a diplomatic correspondence. The note to Germany was pretty strong, and Mr. Bryan was in favor of peace at almost any price. So it popped into Lawrence's head that possibly Bryan was not in sympathy with the note and was going to resign. The thing then was to get some confirmation for this theory. He walked on around to the War Department—and sought a brief audience

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with Secretary of War Garrison.

"Mr. Secretary," he bluffed, "when are they going to announce Mr. Bryan's resignation?"

"Oh, that's not for me to say. You'll have to ask either Mr. Bryan himself or the President."

Concealing his joy over having his theory thus confirmed, Lawrence started for the door.

"I'm sorry I can't help you," said Garrison, pleasantly.

"You have helped me," was Lawrence's reply. But Garrison did not know what he meant.

Lawrence then hastened over to the White House. But he forced himself to slow up as he neared the executive offices, and stroll in casually, lest he excite the suspicion of one of the other correspondents. There was still an important thing to find out or else he could not wire his information. He must know if the resignation would be accepted. For if he announced that Bryan had resigned, and Bryan was asked to reconsider, and the resignation did not take effect, the whole thing might be denied. To see Secretary Tumulty without attracting attention, he went toward the lavatory, which was in the same direction as a door leading to the back yard where Tumulty was watching a tennis game.

"Has Mr. Bryan's resignation been definitely accepted?" he asked Tumulty.

"Look here, you mustn't say anything about that," replied Tumulty, somewhat astonished. "That isn't going to be announced until tomorrow."

"Yes, but I know all about it," insisted Lawrence, "and I'm going to send it out at once. But to make the story complete, I would like to know if the resignation has already been accepted."

"Well, in that case," admitted Tumulty, "I may as well tell you that it has been."

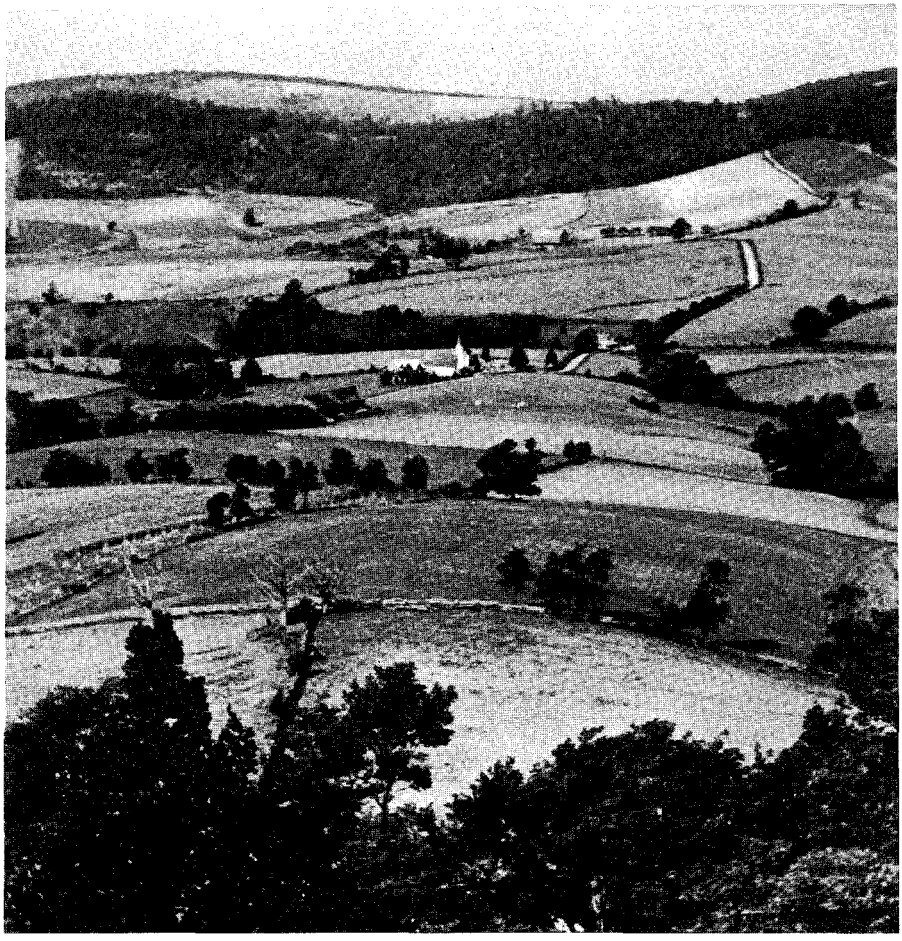
Lawrence wanted to break into a dead run, but managed to make his way to the Associated Press telephone booth in the newspaper men's room, with the calm air of a man in no particular hurry.

As he left the booth a rival correspondent whispered to him: "Had you heard anything about Bryan resigning?"

"There was some kind of a rumor afloat about that," replied Lawrence.

A short while later the entire corps of correspondents was supplied with the story. But by that time, the Associated Press papers, with Lawrence's information, were rushing extra editions to the street in various cities all over the country. —Fred C. Kelly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Worlds Alongside

A PORTFOLIO OF PHOTOGRAPHS

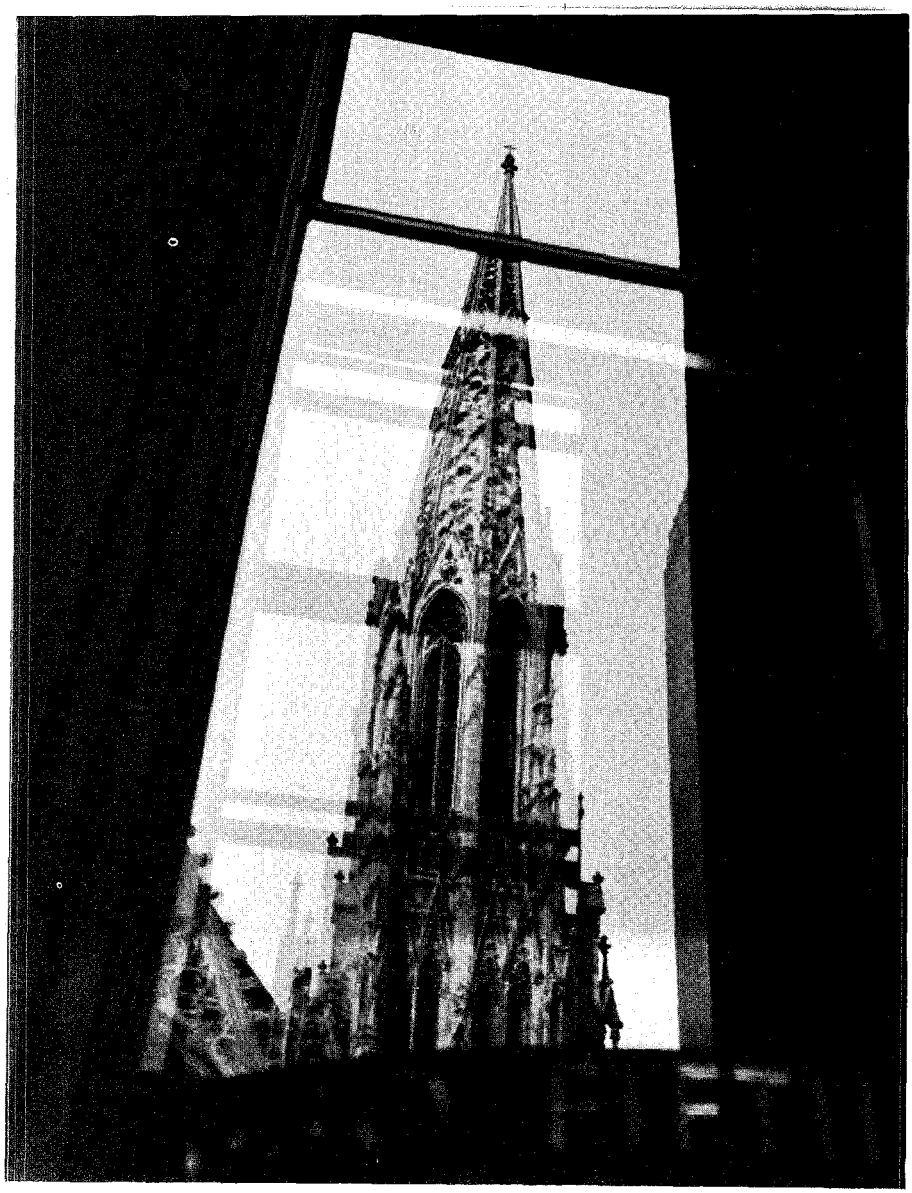
Narrative by Muriel Rukeyser

Worlds living now! A country made rich by
sun and effort, with its valley fertility, fields
cultivated inch by inch.
The sun takes it, making a local profile of
trees and steeple . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

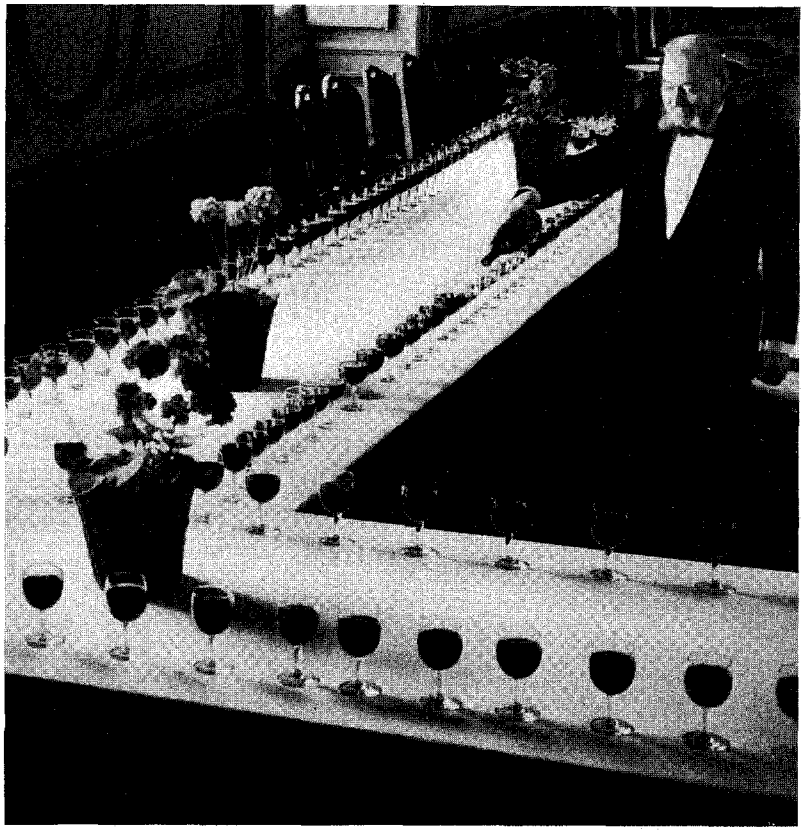
and the same country's sun whips more flat the flat lands that have no features, no water, no grace, no reflections . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



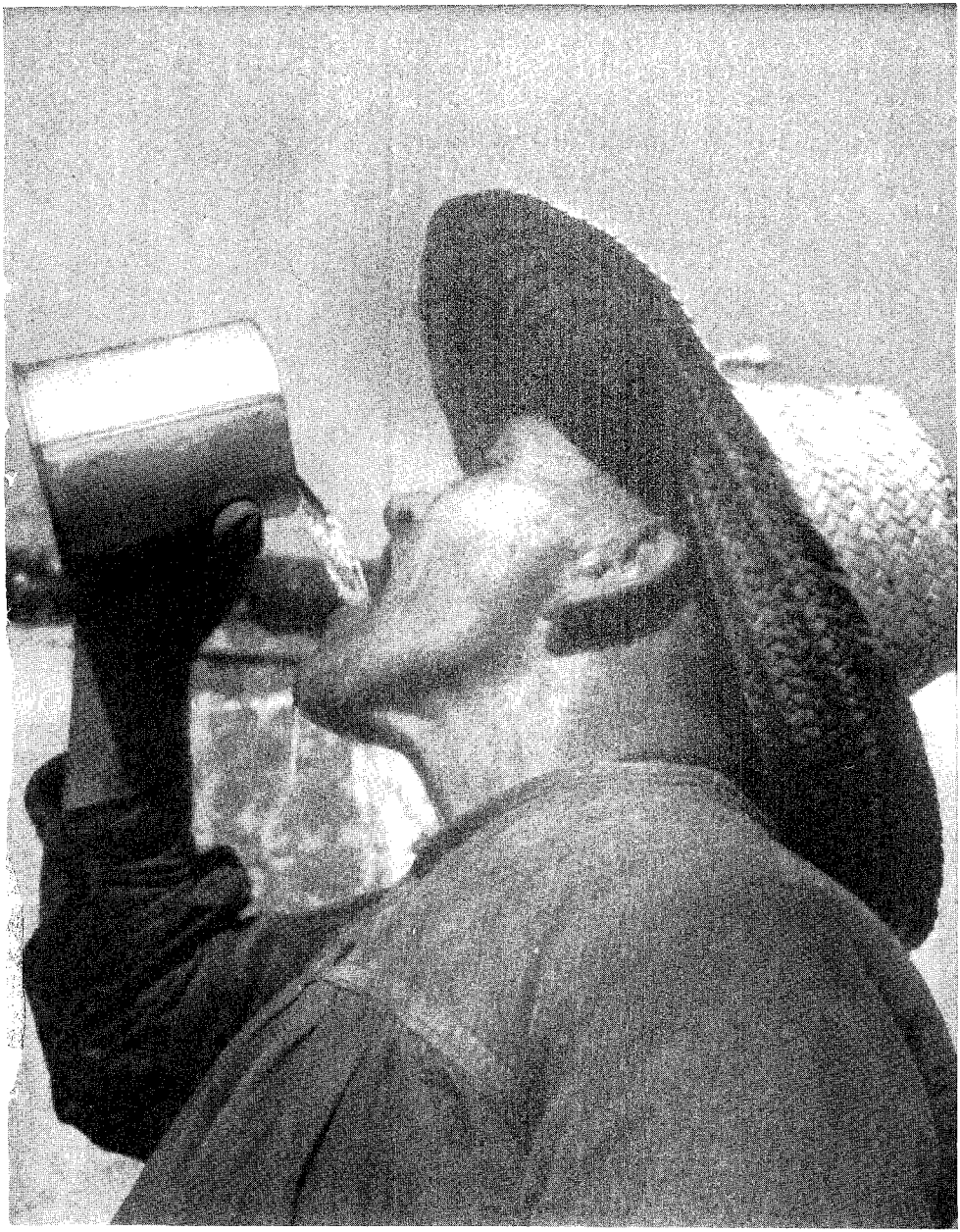
as the rich city has, racing tower against tower.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



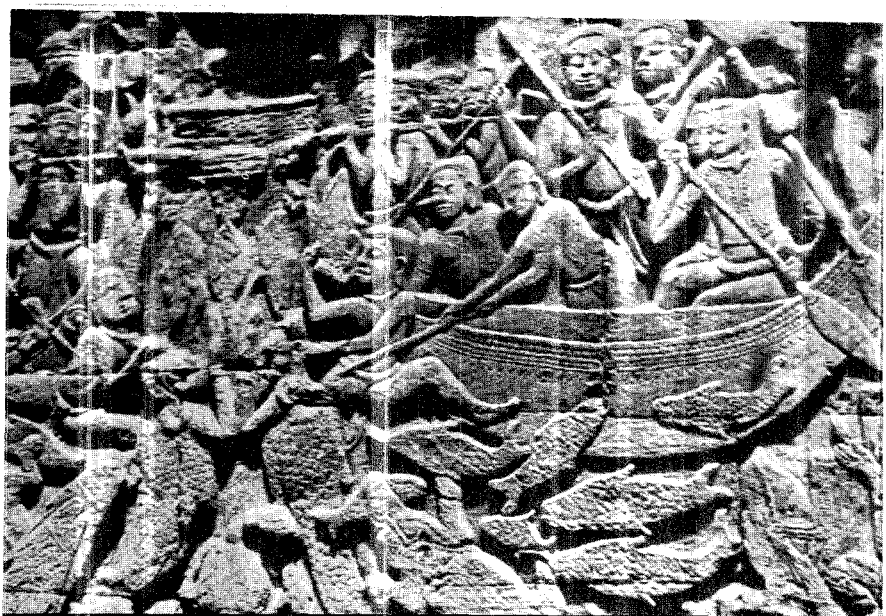
We have taken every little necessary action that supplied us, multiplied it and made it formal. We make cities out of the need for four walls and a door, theatre out of any passion; and the two values live alongside each other, the elaborate formal gesture and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

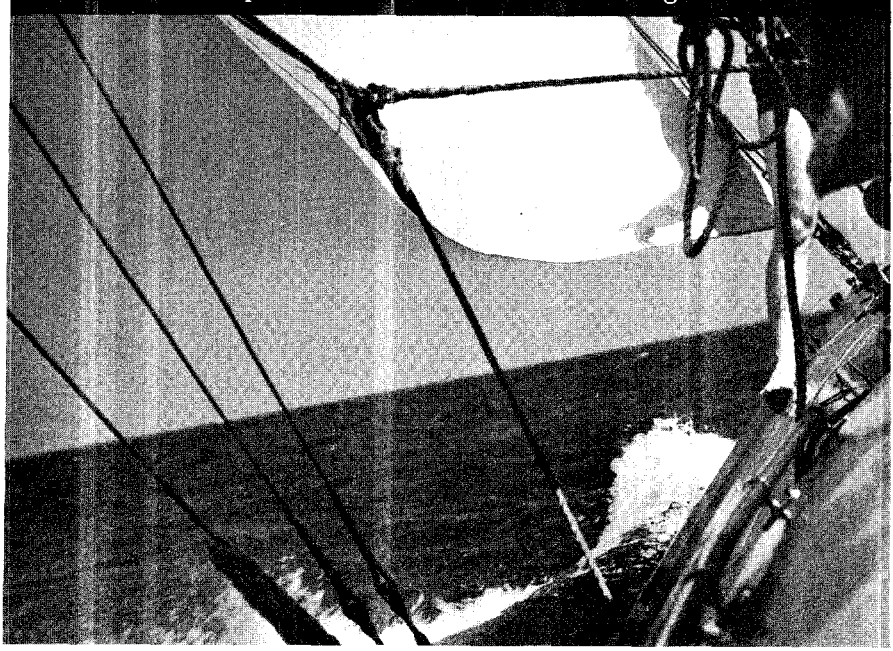


the simplest motion.

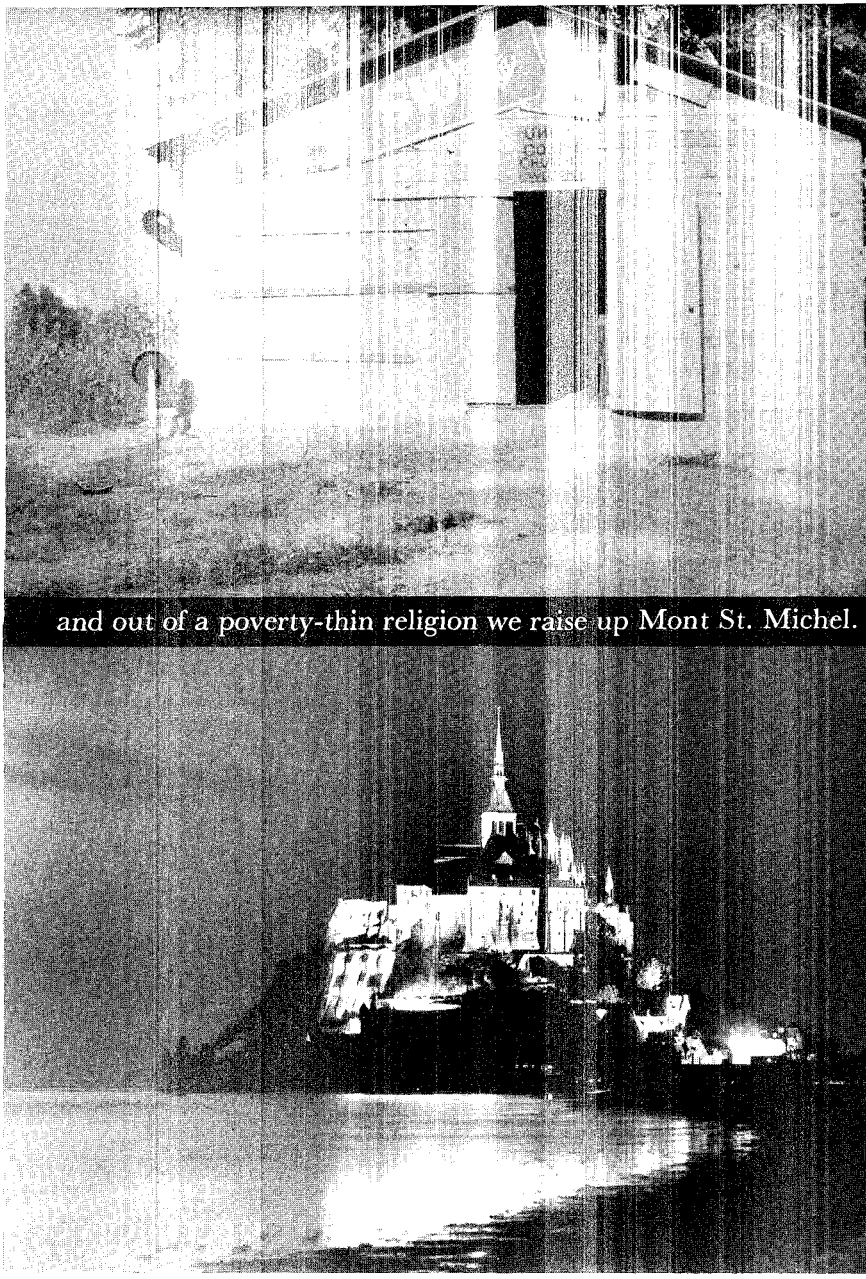
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



We freeze into placeless art the shadows and bright waves . . .

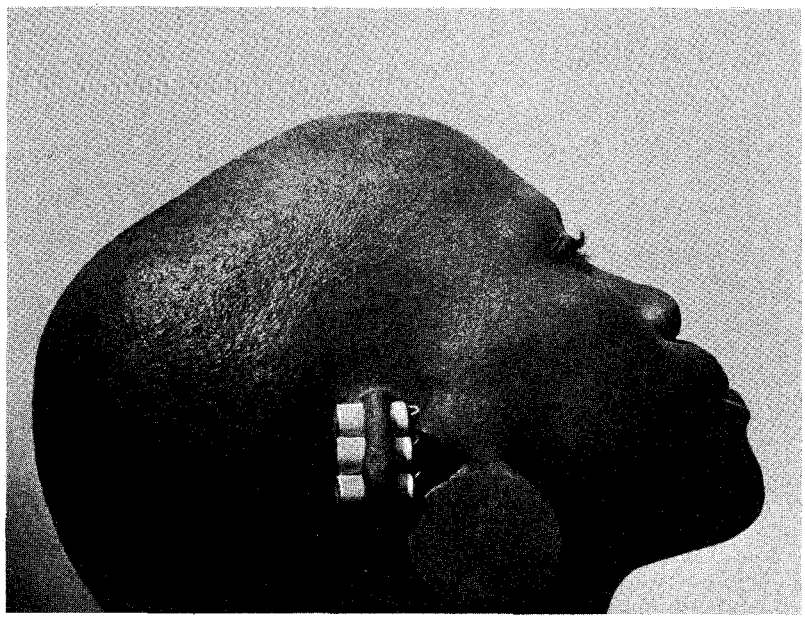


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



and out of a poverty-thin religion we raise up Mont St. Michel.

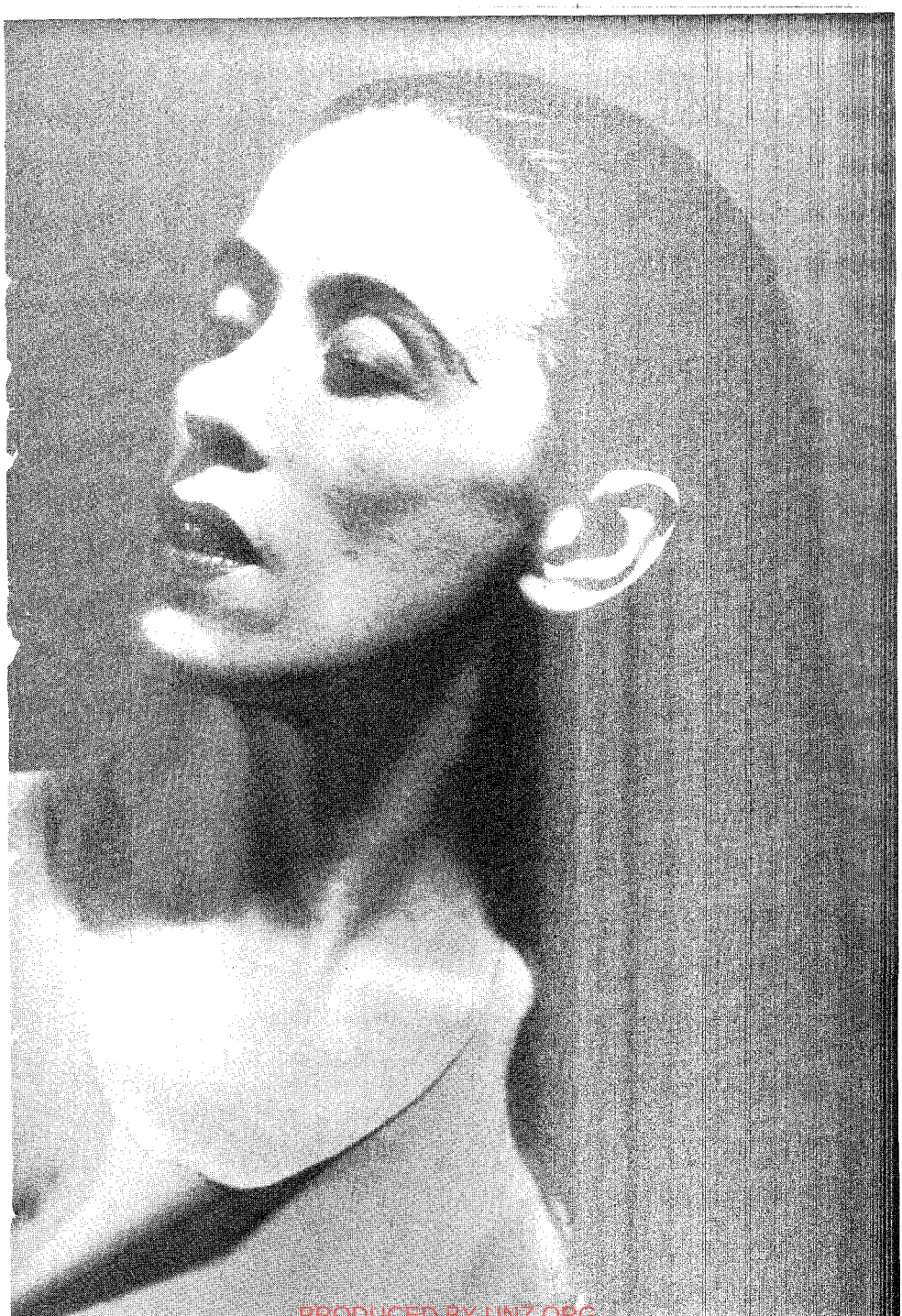
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



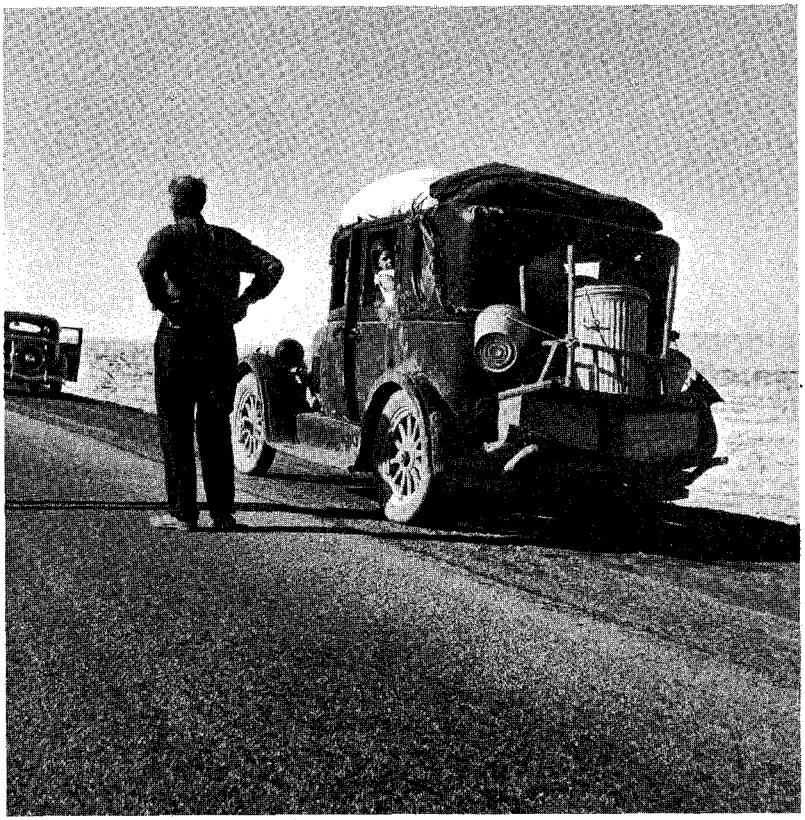
These worlds alongside bring together faces: the primitive waiting face that is ready to receive history upon itself, a dark genesis for us all. It lies beautiful and receptive, a living rock . . .

and the finished face of the dancer turning to her audience.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



We have that range in our own country, from the migrants who pile their house in a Ford and head west for work, wait, and head west again . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

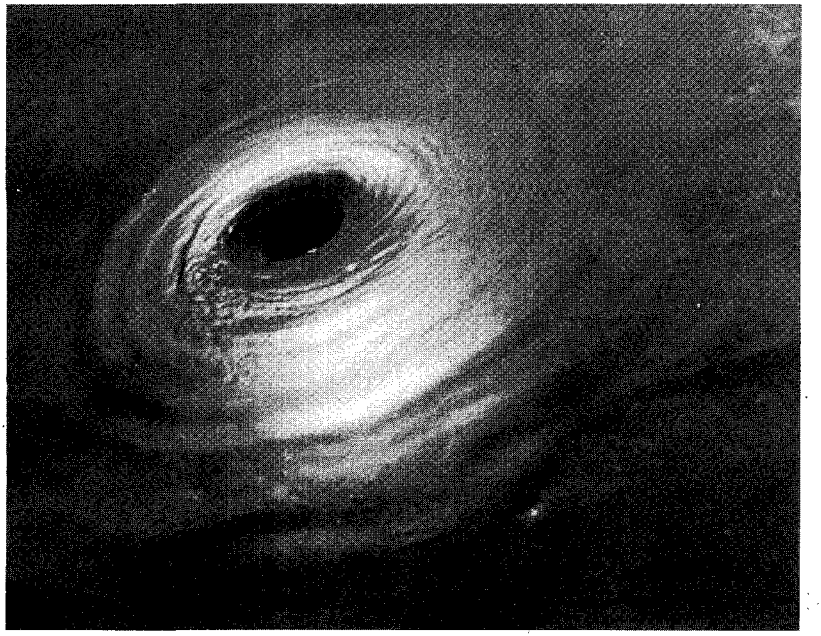
to the Virginia postmaster

at home in the evening. Crowded into his corner is the record of effort that ends in some buildings, a ritual of business, belief in a god in the room, a few household objects, and his face.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Worlds living now! In nature, in the still look,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

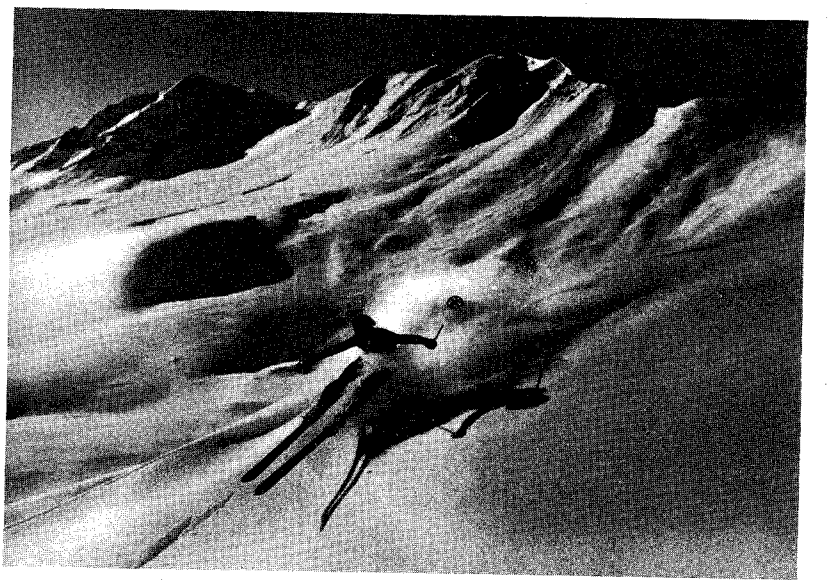


and in the inward look of waters, carrying their currents. Whirlpool and standing fountain, the geyser, the deep well. Caught by light in their moods, expecting or gay, or dancing in unique balance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

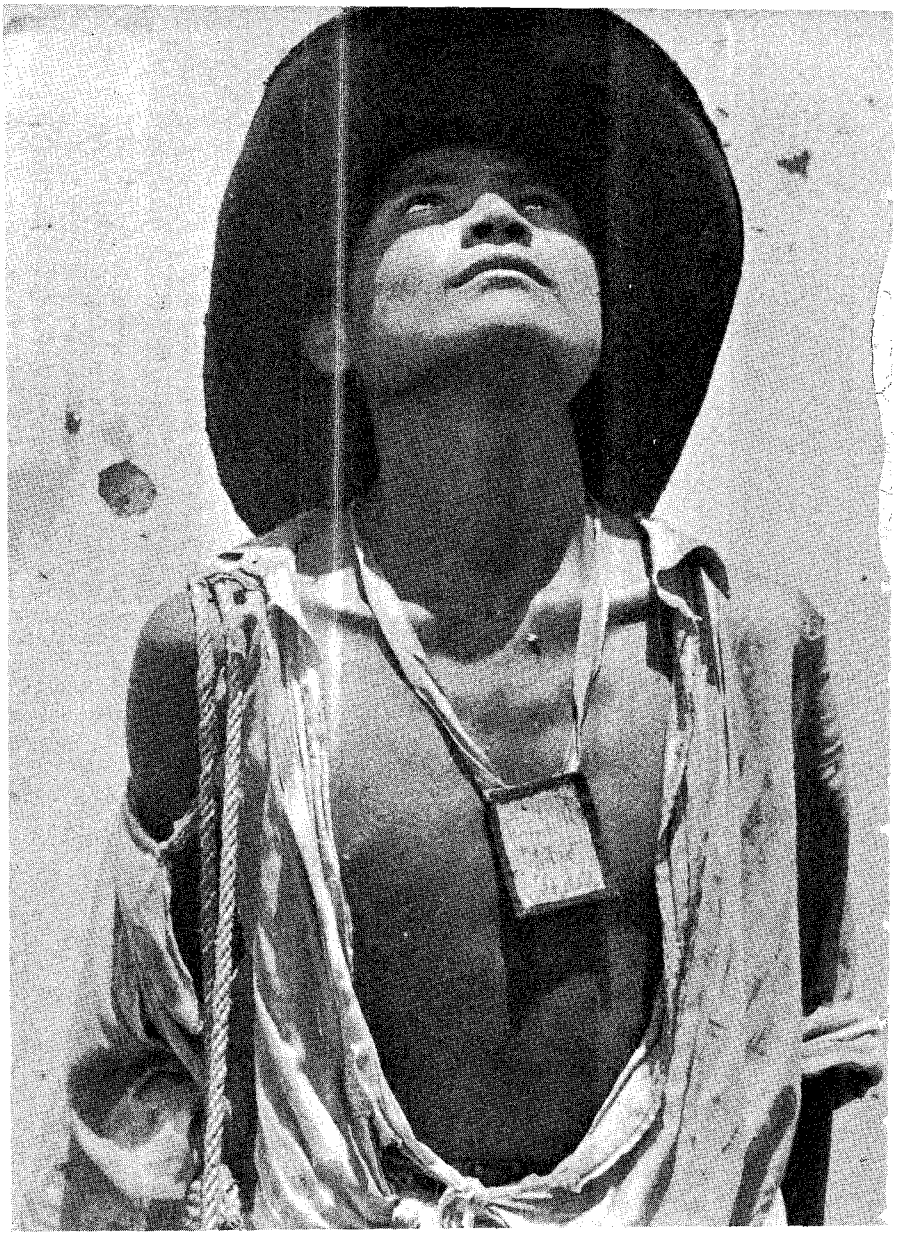
Many try, and inquire. The roads do not help them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Some are lucky. They use their luck in a smooth adventure. In a gay flash, bright across time, like the sail in the bright wind. They speed across one world while the other world waits, a man in the road waiting for the car ahead to move, a man drinking from a dipper while glasses of wine are poured; the little congregation going into the Zion Church; the basic African face while Martha Graham dances; the still look, the whirlpool . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



and the Mexican boy in his look at the silver plane.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN EYE FOR SCULPTURE

A SCULPTOR SETS UP A FEW STANDARDS FOR THE EVALUATION OF HIS FELLOW CRAFTSMEN'S WARES

As a sculptor, I am often asked what one must consider in order to insure the acquisition of a good piece of sculpture. The questioner (one hopes) is not the brash "art-lover" who announces, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like." Such a remark betrays the fact that he does not know what he likes. More thoughtful people search for a reason for their likes and dislikes.

Of course, heretofore, one always had to consider his likes in the light of his amount of hard cash. But the theory that sculpture is too expensive for the average person has long been on the wane. Recently it has been definitely disproved by the Robinson Galleries, which sells Limited Edition Sculpture by well-known artists at from ten to one hundred dollars.

And now, what are some of the rules of sculpture evaluation?

First, don't look primarily for the pretty—for the design of obvious decorativeness.

Second, sentimentality may be desirable to a very limited degree but it should be avoided to excess, for it blinds one's esthetic vision.

Third, avoid sculpture so realistic it leaves nothing to the imagination. Carbon-copy realism has little in common with naturalism.

In recommending the more definite aspects of good sculpture, the writer stresses the following:

First, simplicity of statement and form: good sculpture is usually a simple truth simply stated.

Second, look for continuity of design. That is, an even flow of line in the silhouette of the sculpture-design throughout its circumference. This is proof of esthetic strength and good craftsmanship.

Third, a work should, above all, be intellectually satisfying.

These statements may help you distinguish between the good and the bad. But good judgment in art must become a habit, as it were, and this requires much time and study.—MAURICE GLICKMAN

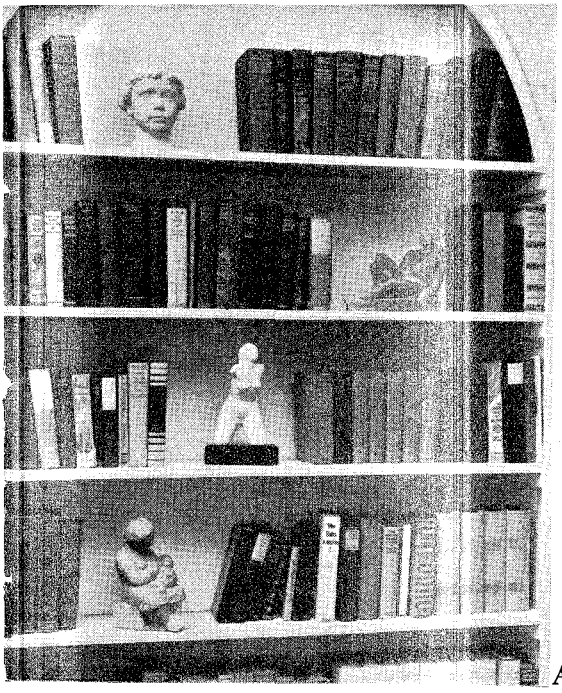
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GOOD TASTE TEST

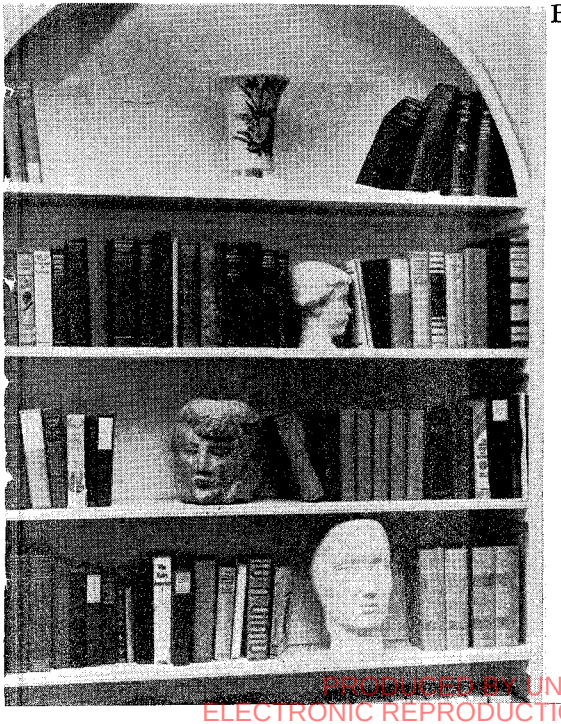
Which Sculpture Group in Each Pair Is in Better Taste? Answers on Page 112

THE standards that Maurice Glickman establishes for judging sculpture in his article on the preceding page won't help you in this test. Mr. Glickman is interested in enabling you to distinguish between good and bad sculpture, but all the pieces shown on the following pages are good. The problem here devolves around the effective use of sculpture in the home. Having selected a well designed piece of sculpture, your troubles are by no means over. The next step is to use that piece in the home in the way that will do the most good, esthetically speaking. For practice, you can test your judgment on these problems in the application of sculpture to interior decoration. (Sculpture used is the work of Antonio Salemme, Robert Laurent, Marion Walton, Franc Epping, John B. Flannagan, Oronzio Maldarelli, Dorothea Greenbaum, Alice Decker, Margaret Kane, Warren Wheelock, Maurice Glickman, Anita Weschler, William Zorach, Concetta Scaravaglione. From the Robinson Galleries, New York.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



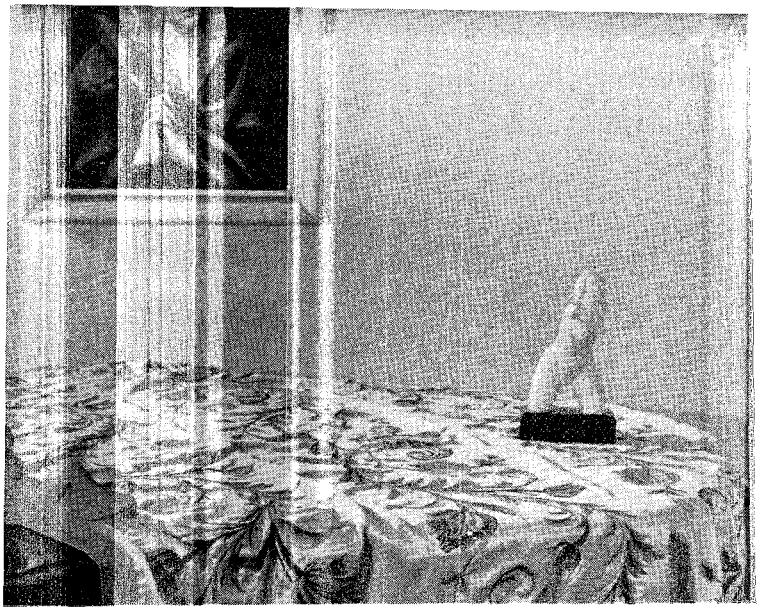
A



B

1 *Small sculpture, as used to break the monotony of book shelves. Which of these two groups of pieces better serves its purpose?*

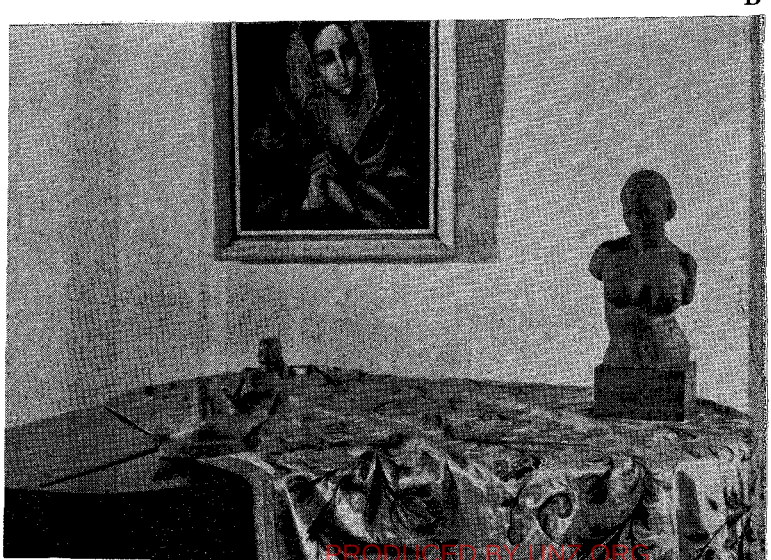
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



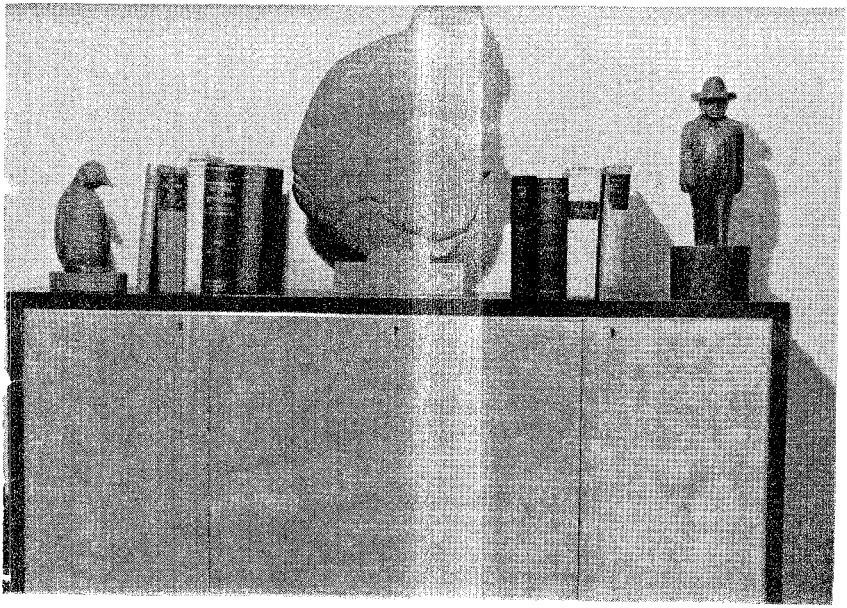
A

2 *Appropriate sculpture is always a handsome addition to the grand piano. Consider piano and painting, the same in both pictures, and determine which sculpture group is better.*

B



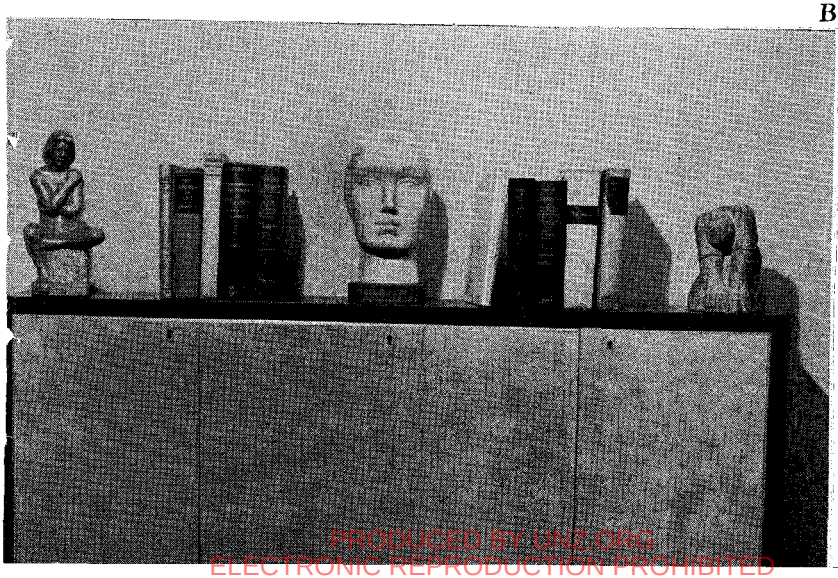
PRODUCED BY UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



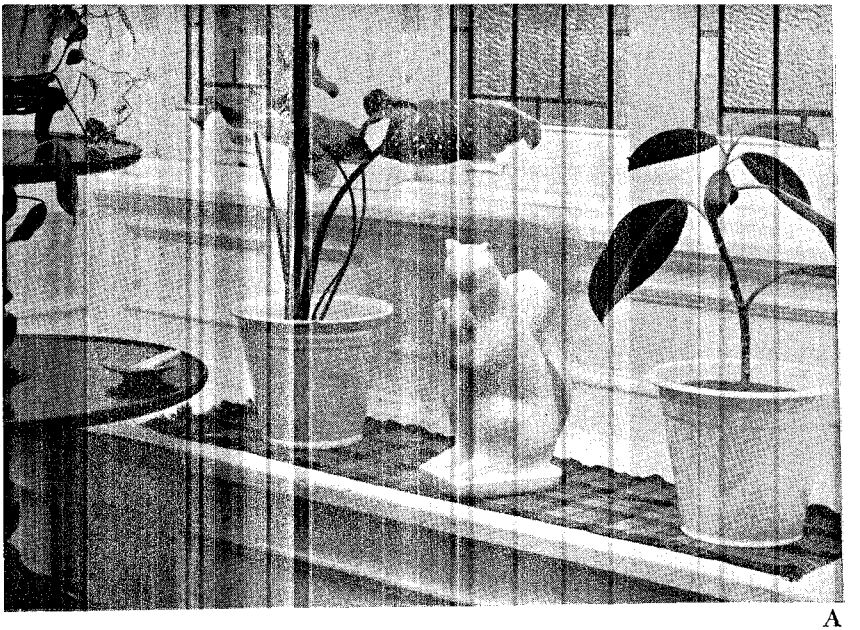
A

3 *Small sculpture is admirably suited to book-end use. Although widely dissimilar, the pieces in both of these groups are good. Considering function, which group is in better taste?*

B



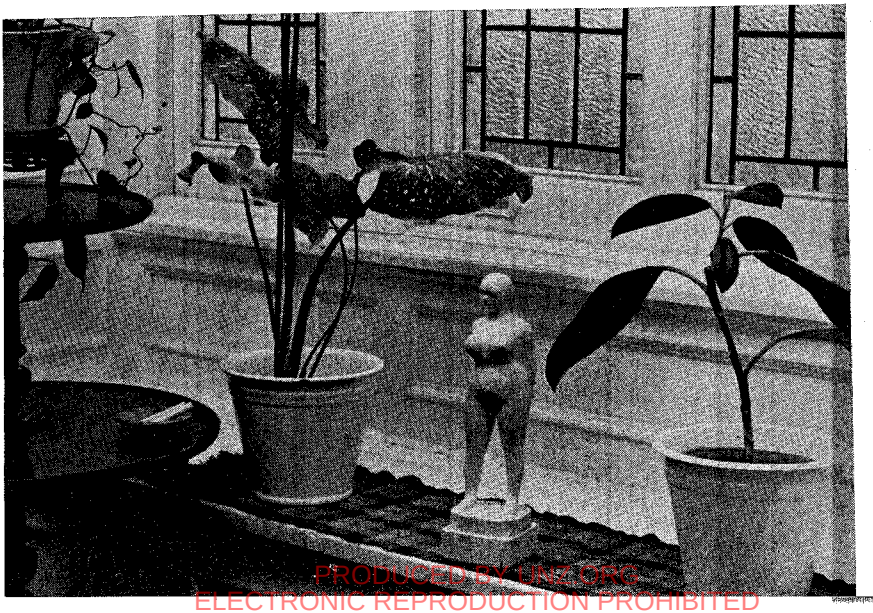
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



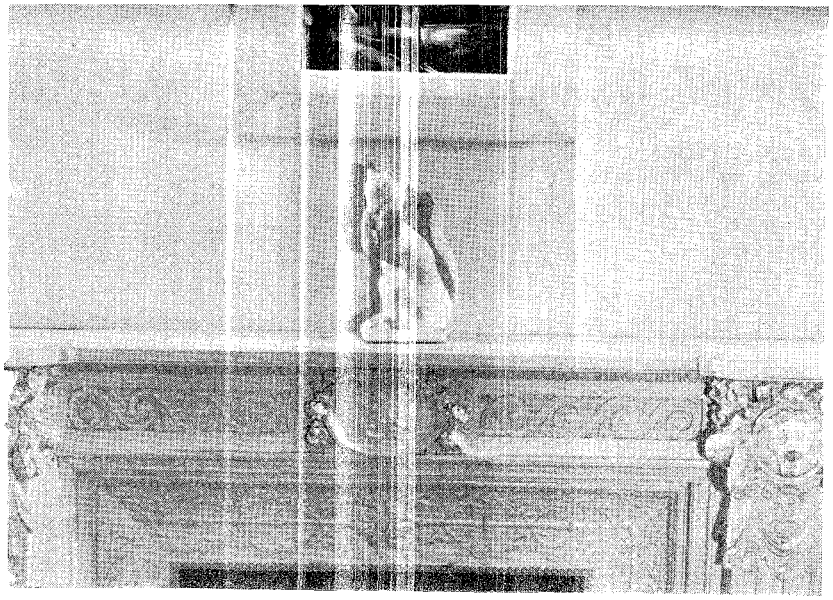
A

4 *Small sculpture can be used effectively on the window sill, between flowers or plants. Which do you consider the better denizen of this verdant land— the squirrel or the nude?*

B



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

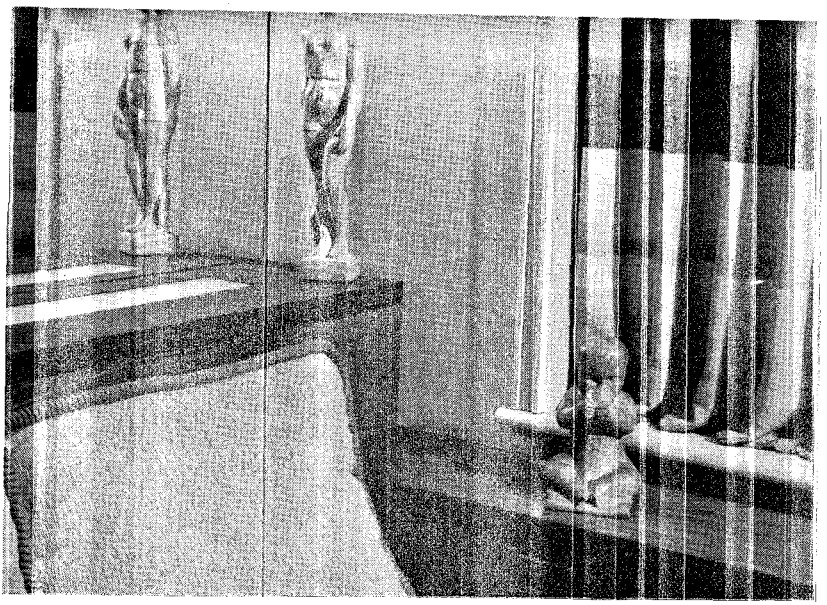


A

5 *The mantelpiece is by far the most popular domestic setting for small sculpture. On this mantel, which of these arrangements do you prefer—the squirrel or the two figures?*

B

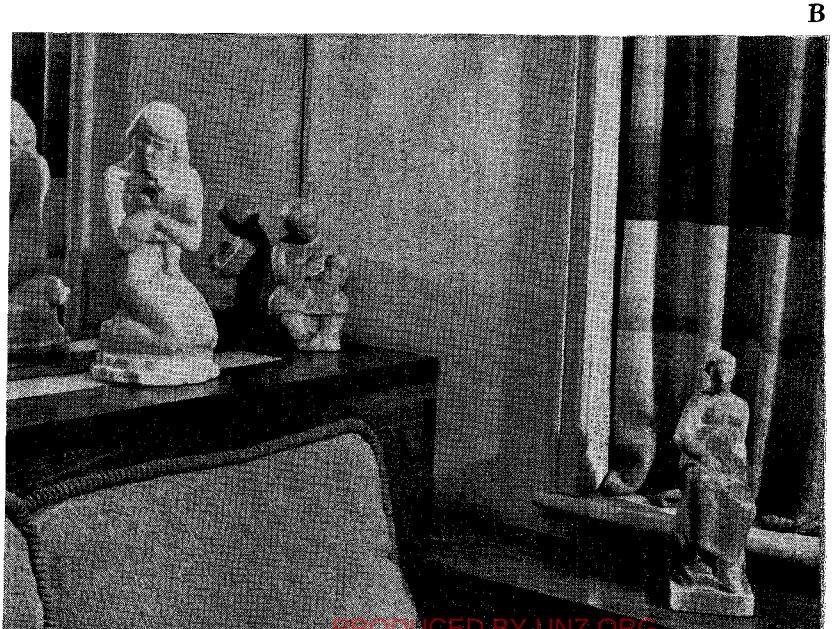
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A

6 *The use of sculpture in front of mirrors is a "natural" much favored by interior decorators. But which of these two groups do you consider in better taste for this mirror setting?*

B



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO UP ON HOLLYWOOD

DONALD CRISP LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE ON THE WEST COAST, BOTH OF THEM HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL

LET us say the picture, a million dollar prison epic, is half-finished, and the producer's cash is all finished; so he goes to the bank and says, "Look I got Ronald Colman whose name is worth a million flat at the box office any morning, and I got a script by Balzac, Galsworthy, and Zane Gray, touched up by Hecht and MacArthur. I can't miss. How about a loan of five hundred grand to finish the picture?"

It looks pretty good to the bankers but pictures have looked good to them before, and mysteriously changed color when they landed on the screen. "We'll have to consult with another member of the board," they tell the producer. "He's busy working just now."

Anyway, says the producer, will they just come around to the studio and see how the picture is getting along. They go. Because it happens that the absent member of the board of directors is working at that very studio.

He is the actor with the longest successful career in Hollywood. Between takes, he steps over a jungle-vine of electric cables and joins the board of directors in their huddle behind the scenery. "Donald, how about it?" they ask.

"It's rather embarrassing for me to say anything about this one, because I happen to be working in it," Donald Crisp tells his fellow-members of the board of Bank of America. "But—" divesting himself of his function as an actor, and resuming his function as a banker, "it's a dud. They've got Colman, admittedly a top box office name. Still, the film is just one of those sweating things where a man sits in a cell and stretches his neck at the sun." He shakes his head. "I can't see it."

So the bankers go back to the bank, and the producer comes for his answer, and the bankers say No. As it happened in the above case, producer gets money elsewhere, and the picture is a flop.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is quite rare, of course, for Mr. Crisp to be actually working in a film upon which he must pass financial judgment. Usually bank loans are made in advance of production, on the basis of prepared scripts and cast lists. This actor-banker's job is not only to recognize the potential losers, but the potential winners. And Mr. Crisp has won himself a great reputation quite outside his fame as a character actor. He is a business man about pictures.

Some years ago, for instance, one of Hollywood's most gifted producers, a man who has made some of the greatest pictures and found some of the greatest stars in the industry, decided he would make a new star. He had found a foreign actress who "had everything." He came to the bank and asked for a million dollar loan to make the picture, a $300,000 loan to publicize the new star.

Mr. Crisp said why start from scratch when there were plenty of already known actresses, just as good, who could be built up for much less than $300,000? So the Bank of America stayed out of that little matter. Mr. Crisp doesn't like names to be mentioned, as the producer, who went through with his plans, was burned for nearly the total amount.

And then there was the matter of *Snow White*. Mr. Disney had been engaged for a long time on the production and needed money to finish it. Most bankers couldn't see any potential profit in a Mickey Mouse without Mickey, and just a fairy tale at that. Mr. Crisp, however, presented it to his board in this light: *Three Little Pigs* had, only the year before, filled many a theatre where it was billed equally, or over, the main feature. A cartoon strip, moreover, was a controlled medium — you didn't have to worry about stars falling sick and doubling the cost of production. Even though he wasn't acting in it, he was for it. Bank of America went into the production, which turned out to be one of the top money-makers of all time.

Donald Crisp is not merely an adviser to the bank. Some say he is not really the richest man in Hollywood, but find it hard to name five people who are richer. For aside from knowing about acting, Mr. Crisp knows about real estate and other mundane matters. He can swap "I bought that lot" stories with expert sub-dividers; for he bought that fourteen-acre lot that the Paramount studios now stands on for $3,200 around 1915, and the price in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cluded cows, chickens, a house, and furniture. He sold it before it reached its present fabulous value, but he has equally valuable property all around Beverly Hills and Laguna Beach.

The story of Mr. Crisp's rise to riches is simply the story of a careful Scotsman. For, though London born and Oxford educated, and most of his life an American, Mr. Crisp's first characteristic is the caution and integrity of the Scot. He came to the United States in 1906, was an opera singer for a while, a stage manager for a while, but knew a good thing when he saw it and got into the very first Biograph pictures. He even appeared in some of the penny-slot machine movies that preceded screen presentation.

He had no wealth. "When I was earning $20 a week with Biograph, I told myself I was earning $12.50, and saved the rest." And that has been his simple rule for success. He speaks with regret and a touch of scorn of the actors of the old days who, as soon as they had $10,000, "bought a pink automobile."

"Now," he points out, "most actors have business managers; thank God we won't have many more of those tragic stories of stars who wound up penniless." But Mr. Crisp needed no business manager; he could of course have been a business manager for a business manager.

Perhaps it is his commercial sagacity that preserved his screen career too; the fact remains he is about the only actor of the early days who kept pace with all developments in the film art; today he is in such great demand that he refuses more parts than he plays, and still is so busy that he has had to postpone for months a long-planned vacation. He's been that busy since he was assistant director to Griffith on the *Birth of a Nation*, in which he played General Grant, while at the same time directing Wallace Reid and Theodore Roberts in *Secret Service*. His career is studded with names that awaken nostalgic memories; for he appeared with and directed Lillian Gish, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh—all of the old-time great.

Today, Crisp is the only member of the cast of the *Birth of a Nation* still active in pictures. After twenty-one years as a director, he went back to acting. Scarcely an "A" picture is made without Donald Crisp in the cast. For he is that much-needed type — the "solid" rather than the "heavy." He is the soft-spoken, understanding, staunch elderly friend, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

family lawyer, the family doctor, the troubled but firm colonial administrator, the good conservative who understands the more radical spirit of youth. His name in a cast is taken as a sort of stamp of quality, it means the studio has assembled the best in Hollywood. For they don't go after him because he is Bank of America's adviser; it wouldn't make a bit of difference; Mr. Crisp keeps his two functions strictly departmentalized in his mind. They want him because no other actor can play this wide type of role so well. Just now he is doing the solid scenes as the queen's advisor, opposite Bette Davis in the picture Warner Brothers is making from *Elizabeth and Essex*. In green stockings, ruff, and fancy costume, he plays with a touch of Elizabethan style that is as natural as, but completely different from, his performance in *Daughters Courageous*, where he was the warm-hearted suitor.

The fans who admire his warm, understanding way on the screen should see him in the directors' room of the Bank of America. For as a banker, says actor Crisp, "you have to be a block of ice or concrete." The board is constantly besieged with propositions, from directors, from stars who want to "make a picture their own way," from screwballs who want to make films around the latest sex murders. To these Mr. Crisp has to say no. Almost as bad are the propositions from the other side: from the bank's own millionaire investors whose three-year-old babies make Shirley Temple look like a has-been, whose 19-year-old daughters can out-glamour Ann Sheridan. Often the mamas and papas are willing to put up 30 per cent, even 50 per cent of the cost of a film launching their progeny. "But," says Mr. Crisp, "the other 70 per cent or even 50 per cent has to come from the investors. As long as we're dealing with other people's money we can only invest in the sure things."

Motion pictures, he feels, can be as sure as potato crops and locomotives. He goes by the established box office values; for instance, he would loan $5,000,000 on the name of Clark Gable today —providing the bank could have the yeah and nay on the pictures made under the contract — because the name has to him specific monetary value. In seventeen years as a bank director, he has made no really costly mistakes; has been uncannily right too many times to count.

And he can always earn a living as an actor. —MARTIN LEWIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"TELL MOTHER WHERE IT HURTS"

PROVIDING A SIMPLE EXPLANATION OF WHY SOME CHILDREN GROW UP TO BE NEUROTICS

LAST December, nine-year-old Jimmy was sick. He had to stay in bed for a week. But he didn't mind. He enjoyed being sick.

Although his illness involved mustard plasters, ear irrigations and medicine, the many pleasant innovations that came his way more than made up for the necessary evil of treatment. For the first time since Sister's arrival, Jimmy had the undivided attention of his mother. She nursed him and entertained him. Illness meant a little silver hand-bell on his bedside table, store ice cream and the use of his father's radiolite wrist watch. Illness netted him new games and flowers. And a vacation from school. Jimmy had a fine time being sick!

Since December, he has been sick again. No temperature, no special symptoms. Twice Jimmy has "just hurt all over." At first his mother was afraid Jimmy was "delicate." So the doctor checked him from stem to stern. Diagnosis: a severe case of Arithmeticitis, complicated by a too-pleasant memory of his legitimate illness. Jimmy never was partial to arithmetic and his two pseudo-illnesses coincided with arithmetic examinations. At the age of nine, he had learned that ill health was a practical escape from the unpleasant.

Jimmy's mother and doctor have resolved that Jimmy must not grow up a neurotic or hypochondriac. The next time he feels "sick all over" he will be permitted to remain in bed. But he will not enjoy ill health. Jimmy's lessons will be sent over from school; instead of playing games, he will do his regular homework, under his mother's supervision. There will be no story hour. When his father comes home, he will not drop into the big chair beside the bed and discuss affairs of the day in the man-to-man manner that swelled Jimmy's chest during his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

real sickness. To all intents and purposes, Jimmy will really be sick but this time his illness won't be a three-ring circus.

He will learn that illness is a stern business; that solicitude and attention must be earned in some other way. He will be taught that the heroes he admires did not run to cover under the cloak of faked illness.

Every doctor and nurse knows well the adult neurotic who uses imaginary illness as a shield to protect himself from the sharp edges of life. Mentally, he is as sick as he believes himself to be physically. In most cases, he was a Jimmy as a child—except that his guardians did not understand and correct his early surrender to defeat.

The Spartans eliminated the weakling in early childhood, but we of today seek out and strengthen physical frailties in our young, as science has taught us to do. The less fit survive and become fit under our modern laws of civilization. Let's avoid the danger of leaning over backwards—of weakening the strong by too much cosseting. Between stark Spartan technique and velvet-padded solicitude lies a middle course that cures the child's physical ill without endangering his fortitude.

—Cecilia L. Schulz, R. N.

ANSWERS TO TASTE TEST ON PAGES 100-106

1. A is preferable. The same bookcase, so well decorated with little figurines, becomes overladen when large heads are used as space fillers, as in B.

2. B is better. The larger piece of sculpture is in proportion to the size of the painting, and the reclining figurine carries its lines toward the painting. In A, both figures are disproportionate to the painting and carry the eye away from it. Nor are the two figures harmonious.

3. The lower group, B, is better. Regardless of individual merit, the three pieces in A are by no means related to one another, and the center piece is obviously too large.

4. A is in better taste. The squirrel is in his element among the plants, but the nude doesn't belong among the flower pots.

5. B is preferable. The squirrel doesn't jibe with the scrollwork of the fireplace, he sits alone on too vast a space and he is out of harmony with the painting above.

6. A is the better group. The smaller figure carries the decorative element from the reflected figure in the mirror down to the lower shelf. In B, there is overcrowding and too much emphasis on the mirror reflection. Two reflected figures are disturbing to the eye.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD-BYE TO THE PARK

THE BATTLE KATE FOUGHT AGAINST DESTINY HAD BEEN LOST LONG BEFORE IT STARTED

KATE surveyed the broken cup and spilled coffee with distaste. It was so common to lose your temper the way Joe had.

"That damned stuff's just belly-wash," he had yelled. "Why don't you put some coffee in it? You must be going crazy—you used to be a swell cook. And look at the butter you've got on the table! Not enough to spread one piece of bread decent!"

"Oh, Joe," she had said, "everything's going up something terrible. And it takes so much for the baby's food—"

"The baby, the baby . . ." he he had flung at her. "I'm so damned sick of hearing about the kid, I wish we'd never had him." It was then that he'd flung the cup into the sink and slammed out the door.

Kate hurried through the housework. As she worked, the baby wabbled into the kitchen and she lifted him into her arms and buried her head in his fragrant neck.

"Go park now," he commanded.

"Just a minute, precious, just a minute," she promised.

It was, however, many minutes before they started. She took his angora suit off the line, gently patted it into shape and pulled it on the wriggling little body. It gave her the creeps every time she remembered she hadn't paid the bill for the wool yet. If Joe ever got hold of one of the duns, he'd kill her.

The baby ready, she dressed herself, first wiping off all the lipstick Joe liked her to wear, and brushing out the fuzzy curls he admired so much.

Her white dress had been washed the night before and had to be ironed. That dress burned Joe up. "Jumping Jerusalem," he'd exploded, the first time he saw her in it. "What in heaven's name did you buy that thing for? It gives me the jitters—looks like those damned uniforms the nurses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wore in the hospital the time I had the accident."

He didn't like her tailored navy blue coat either, nor the plain sailor hat she wore with it. She'd smoothed it over with the explanation that she'd picked them up dirt cheap. And they were sensible, she'd told him, for taking the baby to the park.

That was another sore point. "I don't see why you have to be tramping across town every day," he complained. "None of the other dames around here do it. What's the matter with taking him out to play with the kids in the block? No wonder the place is a mess with you out gallivanting all the time . . ."

She carried the baby down the tenement stairs, gingerly got out his beautiful carriage—six installments still due—from the basement, careful not to scratch it. She hadn't eaten much of anything for breakfast and as she hurried toward Fifth Avenue, she felt weak and light-headed.

But, as she entered the park, she braced her shoulders and pushed the carriage along briskly. One of her friends, with two small charges, was ahead of her, and she hurried to catch up.

"Hello," the nurse greeted her. "You're late. I was held up, too."

"I guess the others will all be there," Kate said, bending down to retrieve Jon's teddy bear, lost in a gallant effort to hand it to little Gloria in her carriage.

When they got to the benches that were their own group's meeting place, Kate took Jon out of his buggy.

"My, he's big to be in a baby carriage," one of the nurses criticized. "Why doesn't she get him a go-cart that he can sit up in? They're easier to push, too."

It was true. He was the oldest one in an infant's pram.

"She said she was going to get him one," Kate explained. "I'll have to remind her. She's so forgetful, the Madam is."

Tilda, the senior of the group and its undisputed leader, since her charges were connections of the Astors, eyed Kate in the odd way she had lately. "She certainly must be a funny one," she commented. "It's odd; you never see their names in the papers or hear of them going around at all."

"Oh, it's like I told you," Kate said quickly. "He's an invalid, you know. Heart. And she never leaves him. That's why, sometimes, she forgets to get things for Jon."

The elder connection of the Astors, grabbing for Jon's ball, threw him off his none-too-steady bal-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ance, face forward on the walk. Amid tuttutings and ohdearings, he was set on his feet again. He had cut his forehead and ran whimpering to Kate.

"It hurts, Mommie," he sobbed.

"Does he *still* call you Mommie?" Tilda asked incredulously. "My goodness, he must be backward or something. You'd think any child his age would know the difference between his mother and his nurse." And again she eyed Kate in that sharp way.

"Oh," Kate explained, looking Tilda in the eye and trying not to be afraid, "he's with me so much more than he is with the Madam that he gets all mixed up."

Another nurse joined the group, her charge a boy just Jon's size. He was, Kate knew, connected with three or four of the oldest families in New York.

She hated these children. Not one of them was as pretty as Jon, not one so smart, so quick, so dear. Anyone with half an eye could see he was the grandest of the lot. But they would grow up in fine houses. They'd see the world. And Jon, Jon would grow up in a tenement and marry an ignorant thing like herself, and be a truck driver like his father. It wasn't fair, her mother's heart protested, yearning over him busy with his ball.

Maybe — maybe if she could hold Tilda and the rest of them off, if she could manage somehow to get some money, Jon could grow up with them for a while longer, anyway. Oh, just even a little while longer! He'd learn to talk like them, and act like them. There is an air, a something that rich people have that the poor don't. If he could get that, maybe he wouldn't have to be a truck driver. Perhaps, when he was older, someone would invite him to visit and then—then she could say his mother and father had been killed in an accident and they'd adopt him and bring him up a fine gentleman.

Her dreaming was interrupted by the woman in charge of the banker's son.

"Well, I won't be seeing you here much longer," she announced. "Junior's starting in nursery school next week."

"Nursery school?" It was a new phrase to Kate.

"You know how it is now, this fad of starting them all off to school when they're three or four. Craziness, I call it."

"Three or four, is it?" another chimed in. "Here my boy is two, and the Madam's entered him for this fall."

Nearly all of them, it developed,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would soon be going to these new schools. They'd forget Jon, and he was the favorite of them all.

"Say," Tilda inquired, "you're here every morning and afternoon. Don't you ever get a day off?"

She'd never thought of that. She should have missed sometimes like the rest of them.

"Well, you see,"—it was awful, having to think things up all the time, and lately, she'd had to do it more and more—"on account of the master's being so sick, I hate to leave the baby on her hands. And I don't mind being with him all the time. He's such a lovely baby—don't you think he's really an unusual baby? And they—why they pay extra for it."

"It's Sutton Place you said you live at, isn't it?" Tilda probed.

Had she said that?

"Why — yes."

"Number one, did you say?"

"Yes—yes, sure, number one."

"Well, that's funny. A girl friend of mine works there, and she says she never heard of anyone in the house by your people's name."

"Well, you see, it's like I told you, they're so quiet. He's so sick."

"It must be terrible lonesome for you, never having any time off. Today's my free afternoon. I'll have tea with you while the baby's taking his nap."

"Why, that would be fine," Kate agreed. "Why, why, sure, come on over. Oh, gosh I forgot. You can't this afternoon. The Madam's having a party."

"You said she never had parties," Tilda picked her up quickly.

"Well, not exactly a party. You wouldn't call it a party. They're having a bunch of famous doctors come to look at him and she's—she's going to give them tea."

"Oh, but if there's only a few coming, you won't be needed to serve. Didn't you say there was a waitress and a butler? I'll be over about three . . ."

There was a general move to leave, and a general scramble, appeasing the young Astor kin who wanted to take home the prospective banker's hoop, getting a reluctant Jon fastened into his buggy. Kate was the only one taking the path to 59th Street.

Little Gloria was calling out behind her, "Bye Jon, bye Jon," and she turned the carriage round so he could look at her.

"Wave bye-bye to the children."

She bent to lift his arm in farewell. The cut on his forehead was pretty deep. Maybe it would leave a scar. If it did, he could always say that he got it from one of the Astors. That would be something.

—MARGOT MURPHY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NOBLEST ROMAN

AS TEXTBOOK FODDER VERGIL MAY SEEM DRY, BUT AS A POET HE KNEW NO MASTER

ROME is gone; neither dreams nor political propaganda can bring it back to reality. But the spirit of that great people and empire, captured by Rome's master poets, endures in imperishable line. None did more to immortalize the finest qualities of his race than Vergil, whose work has been studied perhaps more than any other poet's, for two thousand years.

Publius Virgilius Maro, to give the poet his full Roman name, was born in the vicinity of Mantua in northern Italy on the 15th of October in the year which we reckon as 70 B.C. He was the son of a small farmer whose prosperity derived from a pottery on his land.

It is the custom to lament the international distress of our times and to charge it with stifling artistic expression, but if the world was smaller in Vergil's day it had no fewer ideologies, nor a lighter measure of civil conflict. When at fifteen the youth came to manhood and assumed the "toga virilis" Caesar was the master. Rome had just gone through three decades of revolution, terror and bankruptcy and was falling headlong into dictatorship. Peace was no doubt as precious then—and as rare—as it is today.

In the year when Lucretius' great poem, *On the Nature of Things*, appeared, the youth went to Rome to take up the study of rhetoric, the foundation of Roman education. His teacher was Epidius, who also taught Marc Antony and young Octavius, who was later to become the Emperor Augustus. Meantime Caesar and Pompey plunged the peninsula into civil war once more, and the poet saw some military service. When he returned to Rome he had a brief but unprofitable experience as an advocate and then turned to composition, his financial resources apparently ample to provide the leisure necessary for such work.

His earliest composition was the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Culex, the amateurish product of a tyro poet, thick with literary references and heavy with knowledge of mythology. His next work was the *Ciris,* a romantic verse tale in the Alexandrian style, which imitates Catullus in technique.

Now Vergil went down to Naples to study under Siro, an Epicurean philosopher, who acquainted him with Lucretius' work. The youthful poet was domiciled in Naples when Julius Caesar was assassinated and Italy was once more torn between warring factions.

To satisfy their land-hungry soldiers, the victors confiscated many estates, and Vergil's patrimony was among those taken. However, he had powerful friends in government circles and soon he was compensated by the gift of other and more valuable property. Moreover, he was introduced to the group about his erstwhile schoolmate Octavius, soon to become the Emperor Augustus.

★ ★ ★

Vergil's genius did not spring fullblown like spores upon damp air; it let down roots and grew as slowly as an oak tree. He groped to find his themes in the philosophy of Epicurus, even while his spirit was becoming permeated with that theme of imperial destiny which he later expressed in the *Aeneid.* However, his philosophical training did prepare him for a broader appreciation of nature and for a maturer understanding of man, his foibles and his aspirations.

In 37 B.C. Vergil published his *Eclogues,* or *Bucolics,* a series of unconnected pastoral poems in which he presented to the Roman world a new and fresh note in Latin poetry, one that vibrated with charm, one that was free from the conventional erudition. Rome was first astounded and then enchanted by this new poetical star which had flashed across its heaven.

The civil war period was over and Rome set about to rebuild the nation. During the years of conflict agriculture, in particular, had been neglected. Whether inspired by his friends in officialdom or whether he saw for himself the need for stabilizing the life of the empire by a return to the soil, the poet now began to labor on the *Georgics,* a poem emphasizing the beauty of rural existence.

To the *Georgics* Vergil brought his own profound love of nature and his knowledge of farm life. Not that he glossed over any of the hardships of agriculture. He gave minute realistic descriptions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the toil and the suffering. But he sang of a world where the pains were more than compensated for by the pleasures and he extolled industry as the path to happiness. The *Georgics* was the Italian *Growth of the Soil*.

In the *Georgics* Vergil hinted at an epic of "kings and battle." There is evidence that the poet had from his earliest lines dreamed of creating a vast chronicle-poem glorifying Rome as Homer had glorified Greece. Now he began that eleven years' struggle with the Muse from which emerged the *Aeneid*, the national epic of Rome. Vergil lauded not the city of Rome alone, for it was often praised by the professional patriots, but the entire Roman people.

Aeneas the Trojan, wandering on the seas after the fall of Troy, was the hero of the epic. His destiny, the Fates had determined, was to become the founder of the Roman people; toward that goal he was driven relentlessly. Lofty as was his theme Vergil yet embellished it skillfully until the tale he spun was exciting, his descriptions vivid, his images sharp and his characters acting true to the sagest conception of human behavior. (The *compulsory* study of the *Aeneid* has made it wearisome; a voluntary reading of the poem will quickly dispel the hatred and fear it earned in high school.)

When the work was completed the poet, still dissatisfied, went on a trip to Greece and Asia to check the details in the earlier books of the poem. But he fell ill and on his return to Naples died on September 21st in the year we know as 19 B.C. He was fifty-one years of age.

From that day to this, few who have achieved in literature have not derived profit from this prince of Roman poets. Tacitus, Livy, Ovid, Juvenal, Dante, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Milton, Shelley, Keats and Tennyson—to mention only a few—were all influenced by Vergil's thought and his style. Indeed, the *Aeneid* was for centuries the Bible of every man who lived by the pen.

Oddly enough, an adaptation of a phrase from Vergil's *Georgics* appears where the great seal of the United States is reproduced on the green side of the 1935 series of silver dollar certificates. On the reverse side of the seal the words "Annuit Coeptis," or "He smiles on our beginnings," are engraved. Thus does Vergil, even if considerably removed from the popular reading, daily cross the popular palm. —Louis Zara

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You be the judge The comment was made on this page last month that the new form of photograph presentation, with narrative text, is infinitely superior to the usual picture-gallery treatment. Perhaps that arbitrary statement should be qualified to read that this is the opinion of the editors. What is the opinion of the readers?

You have an additional opportunity to base your judgment on the second portfolio, *Worlds Alongside*, on page 83 of this issue. We have a bad habit of trying to make people's minds up for them, and therefore are stopping right here with the request that you tell us what you think of this feature.

Incidentally, for the sake of refraining from biasing your opinion, however innocent the intention might be, it is fortunate that we are aware of this fault. Otherwise we would almost certainly go on to point out that, from a creative standpoint, this portfolio unquestionably displays more imagination and insight than would be possible in any series of unrelated photographs.

Photograph purists might object, "Give us the pictures and forget the trimmings. We want to look at a photograph as a photograph, not as a rhapsody." That would be taking an extremely short-sighted and technical view of the matter. Admire a photograph's clarity of detail and its composition, but don't stop there. Unless you admit that, among its other functions, a photograph can be used to interpret life, you automatically bar it from inclusion as one of the art forms. And having made that admission, you have set the stage for a work such as Muriel Rukeyser's *Worlds Alongside*.

The question that remains is does this treatment implement the photograph as a significant commentary on human existence? Do you get more impact from the photographs as they are presented here than you would if you saw them in an album? Don't make the mistake, however, of assuming that Miss Rukeyser has done your thinking for you. She has given you food for thought, but you will have to masticate it yourself.

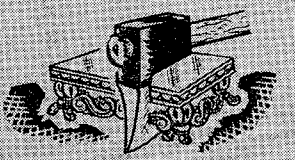
How we would answer the questions in the above paragraph is by now clearly apparent. What you consider the answers to be is something we want to know. And we won't even make a further attempt to influence your decision. We can't—there isn't any more space.

★ ★ ★

The new issue of Coronet appears on the 25th of each month.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REVOLUTION IN TASTE



(NOTE: *An American citizen, born in Paris, Raymond Loewy is probably the world's most potent figure in the shaping of new trends in industrial design. During 1938, products manufactured from his design specifications amounted to some $400,000,000. You can see samples of his artistry at the New York World's Fair, including the exhibit of the Chrysler Motors Corporation, the Railroad exhibit, the House of Jewels, and the cooperative exhibit of fourteen major department stores.*)

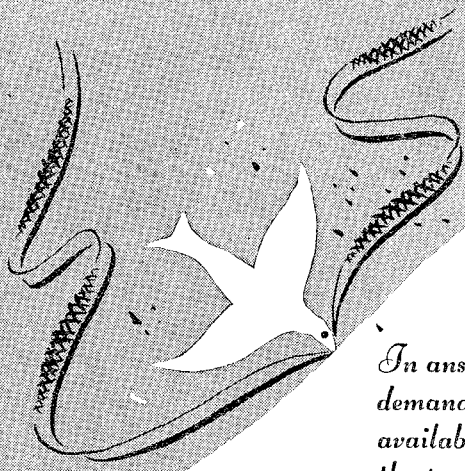
FOR the past twenty years I have studied America objectively, watching closely for new developments in every field of aesthetic endeavor, whether architectural, typographical, culinary or sartorial. Until recently, I have suffered intensely. Often I asked myself—how can the same America that produced such aesthetic thrills as the clipper ships, Mount Vernon and the Western cowboys, tolerate such a staggering number of design vulgarities? Somehow it did not make sense, and I waited impatiently for the inevitable reaction against vulgarity.

It came finally, about five years ago, as a great wave of simplicity swept the country. Some of the vulgarities, like the "skyscraper" type of furniture and Pullman's green carpet, disappeared quickly. Others, like the gaudy motion picture theatres are fading gradually. A few, of course, will never disappear. Fifty years hence, rocket ships may travel to Europe in two hours, but soda jerkers will still serve chocolate-banana-marshmallow-sundaes, and taxidrivers will still wear those hideous caps.

But the reaction against vulgarity is a fact, and we owe it to a series of entirely unrelated factors . . . the arrival of a new foreign liner of simple design . . . the Museum of Modern Art . . . the Swedish influence . . . the Exhibition of Modern American Industrial Design . . . Hollywood . . . the automobile industry.

And the magazines? Yes, decidedly . . . CORONET for instance. Typographically correct, well margined, printed on good stock, it exemplifies perfect craftsmanship, and its eclectic content is good taste to the *n*th degree. I have a profound respect for the publishers and editors who had the deep intuitive sense to believe in the inherent aesthetic possibilities of the American public, and in the success of CORONET! — RAYMOND LOEWY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In answer to an ever increasing demand that Coronet be made available to a larger audience, the purchase price is reduced to

25¢ per copy

Coincidental with this change in price, the following new low subscription rates will apply:

Single 1-year subscription	$3.00
Single 2-year subscription	$5.00
Two 1-year subscriptions, each	$2.50

(Add $1 per year for Foreign Postage)

These rates are effective on all renewal or gift subscriptions placed at this time. Renewals, of course, will be started at the expiration of your present subscriptions. A special gift card, with the name of the donor inscribed thereon, will accompany all gift subscriptions. You may take advantage of these new low rates now, by combining your own with any gift orders you may desire to place. A convenient order card is bound in this issue.

R. S. V. P.

CORONET

919 North Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORONET
for
OCTOBER
1939

Continued from inside front cover

Still Life by Antonio Gianlisi 64

Daylight Saving by Pierre Roy 65

Hector and Andromache by Giorgio de Chirico 66

SKETCHES
BY GEORGE JO MESS . . 74-75

PHOTOGRAPHS:

PORTRAITS
BY NICKOLAS MURAY

Luise Rainer 19

Frida Rivera 20

Ginger Rogers 21

Anna May Wong 22

George Bernard Shaw . . . 24

Greta Garbo 25

Claude Monet 26

H. G. Wells 27

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

Elizabeth Vosseller—from a painting by Mortimer Wilson, Jr. 33

Dr. Fred Conrad Koch by Hélène Deutch, Chicago . . 34

Dorothy Rodgers by Disraeli, New York 35

Oscar B. Bach by Disraeli, New York 36

Peggy Lynch by Victor de Palma from Black Star . . 37

S. N. Rosenthal by Stoessel, New York 38

WORLDS ALONGSIDE:
A Portfolio of Eighteen Photographs, Narrative by Muriel Rukeyser 83-98

From Resettlement Administration 83

By Lange, Resettlement Administration photograph . . 84

By Gustav Gerlach, Brooklyn 85

By Brassaï, Paris 86

By Sibylle von Kaskel . . . 87

By Zucca, Paris (top) . . . 88

By Stephen Deutch, Chicago (bottom) 88

By Lange, Resettlement Administration photograph (top) 89

By Borremans-Cachan from Agence Littéraire Internationale (bottom) 89

By Attilo Gatti 90

By Reuben Goldberg, Philadelphia 91

By Lange, Resettlement Administration photograph . . 92

By Rothstein, Resettlement Administration photograph . 93

By Erwin Blumenfeld, Paris 94

By Don Wallace, Chicago . 95

By Lange, Resettlement Administration photograph . . 96

By A. Klopfenstein, Adelboden, Switzerland 97

By Marcel Gautherot, Paris 98

THE GOOD TASTE TEST:
Photographs by Disraeli 101-106

EDITORS:
ARNOLD GINGRICH BERNARD GEIS

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED